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AMERICA'S GREATEST POLITICAL CONVENTION

Clash Between Blaine and Conkling Which Resulted in the Defeat of Grant in the Memorable Convention at Chicago in 1880, Where Garfield Was Named for President.

"What a grotesque suggestion, and what a position I should hold! I have been twice President, and on each occasion the unanimous choice of the convention. The heads of the party, the men eminent in leadership, the older men who were in authority before I was known, the younger men who have since won from the party its highest consideration—all lowered their colors and followed mine. Where should I be in regard to them? I would have to antagonize their honorable ambition. At its best the nomination would come only with strife. . . . It would be the bitterest campaign in history—would leave heartburnings that years would not compose. I could only conceive one contingency in which my friends would consider me (as a candidate for a third term), and that is some widespread revolution or social upheaval, when the strong hand and military prestige would be required to save society."—GEN. U. S. GRANT to John Russell Young at Malaga, Spain, in October, 1878.

Twenty months before the national Republican convention of 1880 nominated James A. Garfield as its candidate for president, Gen. Grant twice elected president, delivered this prophecy and argument against a third term. He was completing the tour of the world upon which he had embarked two months after he had completed his second term. During his absence the ambitious Blaine, already pointing for the honor of the next nomination, had been busy proselyting among the southern states for delegates. Opposed to him was the faction led by Conkling, the master mind of the political machinery of New York and the leader of the anti-Blaine movement.

Unknown to Gen. Grant—according to Mr. Young, who had traveled with the great soldier during his triumphant tour of the world—Gen. Grant had no suspicion of the intensity and bitterness of the strife between the factions of his party, led respectively by Conkling and Blaine, nor of the plans of the Machiavellian Conkling to defeat the ambitions of Blaine.

Conkling's Machiavellian Plan.

With two such vigorous and partisan natures, any contest would naturally have been deep-rooted and bitter in the extreme. Each disliked the other with the utmost cordiality; each was jealous and envious of the other; both were vain, subtle and suspicious. Blaine rightfully believed that Conkling alone stood in his way of advancement; Conkling blamed Blaine for the defeat of his own ambition to dominate the party, because Conkling and his intimates always asserted he had never entertained any hope of the presidency. They referred to him as the "maker of presidents."

So while the first soldier of the war of the rebellion was receiving the plaudits of the celebrities of other nations, both civilized and barbaric, for his past achievements, the two great leaders of his party were taking advantage of the "hiatus between campaigns," as the Hayes administration was called by John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, to prepare for the battle of 1880.

There had been no serious consideration or discussion of Gen. Grant as a third term candidate when he began his trip around the world. But before he had accomplished more than half of it the activity of the Blaine agents in the western and southern states goaded the watchful and vengeful Conkling into energetic resistance; and while Gen. Grant was presumably oblivious of the fact, his name was being used as a bait to attract support to the third term idea.

Conkling employed every artifice and resource at his command to arouse sentimental loyalty to the "Old Commander." For a time the battle between the two masters, Blaine and Conkling, assumed the proportions of open antagonism to Blaine. But when in the absence of any single potential force Blaine was found to be gaining ground, Conkling, through his agents and allies throughout the country, sprung the third term idea. He had not consulted Gen. Grant about his plans; there had been no communication between the two for more than a year.

Grant's First Intimation.

The first intimation that Gen. Grant had of the audacious propaganda inaugurated by Conkling reached him through the newspapers. A bundle of New York newspapers awaited his arrival at Malaga. There had been some serious strikes in this country and the newspapers were active in suggesting remedies for troubles of that sort. Mr. Young read the accounts of these strikes to Gen. Grant as the latter reclined on a sofa in the hotel at Malaga, before an open grate fireplace. The general listened until Mr. Young read an editorial suggesting that the most vital need of this country was "a strong arm like that of Grant."

Gen. Grant listened intently until Mr. Young had concluded reading the editorial, which was based upon a covert suggestion of Conkling, pointing to the demand for a man in the White House like Grant. Then he expressed himself in the words quoted above.

Mr. Young carefully noted the conversation, and afterwards wrote out the declaration of Gen. Grant against a third term. He says in his account of the incident that Gen. Grant was most sincere in his opposition to a departure from the third term tradition.

Gen. Adam Badeau contributes confirmation of Mr. Young's declaration, by including in his memoirs of Gen. Grant a letter received from Rome about the same time, in which Gen. Grant said in reference to the activity of some of his friends in this country:

"They have designs for me which I do not contemplate for myself."

Mr. Young reports later a conversation with Roscoe Conkling at Washington, which indicated that the latter had received no assurance from Gen. Grant that he had changed his mind or was in "a receptive mood."

Conkling, John A. Logan and Don Cameron were the prime movers in spreading the third term idea, but none of them succeeded in securing from the general his consent to seek the nomination. There is no recorded interview or statement from the general himself upon his return from his tour of the world, which might be construed to indicate his desire for another term as President. On the contrary, he maintained his characteristic Sphinx-like silence and skilfully evaded reference to the subject.

Sphinx-Like Silence.

Unable to secure a positive statement from him, the warring camps in his party fell to interpreting this silence to suit their own purposes. The third termers declared that the general would not refuse if the convention nominated him. The antis were equally vehement in their protests that the name of the general was being used without his consent. Only Blaine refused to accept either version. He proceeded with his still hunt for delegates on the assumption that Grant was not only receptive, but would announce his candidacy if he thought he had a chance to win.

So Blaine concentrated all his batteries upon exposing the evils of the third term idea. Every argument that was supposed to exercise any influence upon the public mind was insidiously brought forward by the Blaine managers and refuted with equal skill by the followers of Conkling. For months the controversy waged. "Three hundred million words were written and spoken about it during the six months before the convention," according to one historian of a statistical turn of mind, while the central figure of the controversy remained at his home in Galena, Ill., and refused to take part in it.

Blaine, active and watchful as a ferret, burrowed under the third term movement and enlisted the assistance of the closest friends of Grant—George W. Childs, A. J. Drexel and Mr. Young—to urge the general to repudiate the representations of Conkling, Cameron and Logan. But even to these friends, in whom he usually confided, the "silent man of Shiloh" would not say whether he was or was not desirous of a third term.

Men who would willingly have contributed handsomely to a fund to encourage the election of "Grant delegates" to the convention were not solicited to do so, because no assurance could be given them that General Grant would permit the use of his name.

As a matter of fact, Conkling and his followers in the plan to nominate Grant—since he was seemingly the only man who could prevent the nomination of Blaine—depended solely upon luck to win. They believed, and not without good reason, that General Grant would accept if the nomination came to him; but the men working in his interest did not have any assurance upon which to base their hunt for votes. Right up to the day of the convention which met in Chicago the principal political issue of the country was whether Grant was or was not a candidate.

Assurance Was Lacking.

"Is he?" asked the delegates of Conkling, Cameron, Boutwell, Colonel Thomas J. Powers, General Beaver, Matt Carpenter, Emory A. Storrs, Geo. C. Gotham, Chester A. Arthur, General John McMultra, Judge Bradley, of Kentucky; Judge Taft, of Ohio, and other leaders of the third term idea.

"He will accept," was the only assurance they could give.

Only one man, and that was Mr. Young, really knew that Grant would accept, and the reasons for his change of sentiment since his frank declaration in Spain several months before. Young urged Grant not to permit the use of his name before the convention. He even went so far as to counsel a public statement by the hero of Appomattox refusing to sanction the use of it. He pointed out the serious consequences to the Republican party which would follow a split of it into factions.

Grant seems to have weighed all these considerations, but to have set against them his dislike of Blaine and his resentment of the latter's attacks upon him. Conkling had adroitly put forth Blaine as the author of the unfriendly reports about Grant, and Grant believed that most of the antagonism toward himself was due to the plotting of the Maine statesman. Young, Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs continued to work upon Grant, but finally, a few days before the convention met, he wrote a letter addressed to Senator Cameron, chairman of the national committee, "placing himself in the hands of his friends."

"In the Hands of His Friends."

More in resentment toward Blaine than for any other reason, the general reluctantly consented to accept the nomination if tendered him, but he stipulated that if in the view of Senators Cameron and Conkling the presentation of his name did not seem expedient, it should be withheld. Mr. Young took the letter to Chicago. He gave it to Cameron. Cameron gave it to Conkling. The latter never used it; nor would he ever consent to make it public.

For a week before the convention Conkling and his allies went to work with their coats off and formed a "Grant League." There were 756 delegates in the convention. It required 379 votes to nominate. Conkling and his crowd succeeded in securing 302 delegates the afternoon before the convention met. They established their headquarters at the Palmer house. Huge signs bearing mammoth pictures of Grant and the words, "Let Us Have Peace" filled every niche and wall. A round-up of forces the night before the convention showed 306 votes for Grant, more than 200 for Blaine, a few each for John Sherman, of Ohio, whose boom was in charge of James A. Garfield, who was destined to secure the prize; George W. Edmunds, of Vermont, William E. Windom, of Minnesota, and E. W. Washburne, of the same state. Garfield himself had a few followers, but, being in charge of Sherman's boom, could not very well permit the use of his name, though his friends were active in his behalf.

The Famous 306.

The famous "306," a remnant of which army is still alive, came actually into existence during the dramatic caucus called at the Palmer house the night before the convention. That number of delegates attended the caucus and pledged themselves to stand by Grant "through thick and thin," as the picturesque Mr. Flannagan, of Texas, put it. The utmost precautions were taken to secure the secrecy of the caucus—and, of course, everybody knew all about it hours before it was held.

No man was admitted to the caucus room until he had pledged himself not only to keep inviolate the proceedings, but to vote for Gen. Grant until the last ballot had been taken. For five hours Conkling, Boutwell, Storrs, Logan, Taft, Beaver and Gov. Warmouth, of Louisiana, pleaded for and urged the indorsement of Grant.

In the room were many famous men. The four delegates-at-large from New York were Cornell, who was represented by Jacob Hagenrodt, one of the alternates-at-large; Roscoe Conkling, Chester A. Arthur, and Levi P. Morton. The alternates-at-large were Hagenrodt, Stewart L. Woodford, Lewis Lawrence and John M. Knapp, who was afterward chairman of the state committee. Some of the district delegates were Thomas C. Platt, "Lou" Payn and "Barney" Biglin, all of whom are still alive.

The speech of Conkling at that caucus of the "306" will be remembered by the men who heard it as long as they live. For more than an hour he worked upon the sympathies of his hearers, and was rewarded by hysterical exhibitions of fanatical loyalty. Every man in the room kept his pledge to vote for Grant.

It was defeated by a vote of 400 to 318.

The followers of that master read the handwriting on the wall when it was announced, and foresaw defeat. But the "306" hung together until the end, and achieved immortal fame. They aroused the greatest enthusiasm by their cheers when Conkling leaping on the reporters' table in the convention on the day of the nomination, presented the name of Grant, commencing with these words:

And when asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be:
"He hails from Appomattox
And the famous Apple Tree."

No nominating speech ever delivered in a political convention excelled that famous effort of Conkling, not even excepting the "cross of gold" speech of Mr. Bryan at the Democratic national convention in 1896. But it did not draw enough votes to enable the "306" to accomplish their purpose. Valiantly as they worked upon opposing delegates, defeat met them at every turn.

Blaine, not strong enough to bring about his own nomination, administered a stunning defeat to Conkling; Conkling found solace only in the fact that he had defeated the plotting of Blaine.

Through 35 ballots it was Grant against the field of five "favorite sons." Then the friends of Garfield began to get in their work. On the thirty-fifth ballot he appeared the strongest "favorite son" in the field.

Then the Garfield Landslide.

On the thirty-sixth and last ballot the scattered delegates began to gather under the Garfield banner, and a landslide to hi mfollowed. He received 399 votes and the nomination. Arthur was selected as vice president in an effort to placate the followers of Grant.

The "306" left the convention hall in a sullen mood. Once in a while now the survivors gather to recount the history of the old days. About seventy-three of their original number are still living.—New York World.

THINGS THAT COUNT.

Push your hat back on the back of your head,
An' roll up your britches and tousel yer hair,
An' put on a grin that'll ripple an' spread
Across your whole face, and give never a care
To anything, anywhere on the whole earth.
The God who has built it'll run it a-right;
Don't count up the quarters and dollars you're worth,
Just laugh through the day and you'll rest through the night.

Don't strive overmuch to build fences around
Square plots of the earth so's you can call 'em your own,
The earth has been owned long before you, I'm bound,
And it will be owned when you're dead and are gone;
And if you have owned it or if you have not,
When the book of your living is spread open wide
On the knees of the angel, won't matter a jot;
The thing that will count is how you lived and you died.

And a grin of encouragement given a chap
Who is down on his luck in The Book will outweigh
The whole tracts of land that unforeseen mishap
From the hoard of another to you will convey;
And a clap on the back and a "Howdy to you!"
Will outweigh the pennies you've put in the plate
When you have wound up all the tasks you've to do
And await recognition beside the big gate.

So roll up your britches and tousle your hair,
And strut through the world with a laugh and a song;
Just hold up your head with a devil-may-care,
Glad look in your eyes and pat juba along;
Libraries conveyed to big cities don't bring
You much of the things that count big over there,
So much as you'll get by the songs you may sing,
Or a laugh to make light some one's burden of care.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SEEDLESS TOMATOES

Much Expected From New Jersey Experiment.

Professor Halsted and his associates at the New Jersey stations have succeeded in evolving a nearly seedless tomato. Whereas each fruit of the ordinary tomato contains hundreds of seeds, the form which Prof. Halsted has developed seldom contains more than fifty seeds and frequently there are not more than five or six and often none. This variety has become pretty well established now and is called the Giant. It originated as a result of a cross of Golden Sunrise upon Dwarf Champion. The flesh is particularly fine flavored. The plants, three feet apart each way, covered the ground devoted to the block, and flowered up to the killing frosts near November 1. The type appears to be well fixed. Attempts to cross other sorts upon it have uniformly failed. Seedless fruits have also been produced by Professor Halsted on several varieties and crosses of tomatoes, but these crosses were quite uniformly dwarfed in size, many in a cluster being not larger than peas, but solid fleshed, and often of good quality. In one instance the fruit had the flavor of the strawberry. Cuttings taken from plants which produced numerous seedless fruits of this sort when planted out in the garden gave only normal fruits.

E. P. Sandsten, working at the Wisconsin station, produced seedless tomatoes by an entirely different method, i. e., the use of excessive amounts of fertilizers. Cuttings taken from these types and set outdoors remained true to type, but produced more and larger fruit than in the greenhouse. The work with seedless tomatoes at both these stations is being continued and promises to result in the establishment of varieties with far less seeds in than the sorts commonly grown.

He Didn't Want the Job.

Lord Kames was judge of a circuit court. Erskine was attorney for the defendant, whose name was Tickle. He began his plea: "Tickle, my client, my lord—"

"Tickle him yourself, Harry. You are as able to do it as I am," said Kames.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER XVI.

The route to New Zealand by Vancouver is certainly the most suitable for an impatient man. There is a sensation of haste about the business which one misses on the halting Mediterranean passage, and in the hot plod through the Red Sea. The Atlantic liner, proud of its terrific speed, and probably intent on breaking a record, keeps its passengers at fever heat with its startling log. The engines of the Canadian Pacific railway whisk you across plains and through ravines, while their furious pace is guaranteed by the flying perspective, seething waves and an occasional port assure the traveler of the P. and O.'s progress.

Impatient as Anson was, the time did not seem long before he found himself at Auckland in the North Island of New Zealand. It was only when he moved his baggage on to a Union steamer and commenced the slow crawl from harbor to harbor of the roughest coast line in the world, that time began to drag.

As usual in those seas, the weather was bad. Sou'westers stormed, sweeping up, laden with snow, from the southern pole itself, forcing them to lay to, sometimes for hours, under the rocky coasts. Nor'westers took them along too fast, and southerly "busters," which made their engines groan again stopped their progress. But they arrived at last.

Anson was pretty well used to the billows' cradling, but it was with feelings of gratitude that he saw the ironbound, inhospitable looking cliffs of the harbor of Lyttleton appear over the bows—with feelings of gratitude quite apart from his wish to forestall Durand with the opals.

Port Lyttleton is a quaint little township, built on the steeply sloping side of the hills which guard the harbor, and shelter the fertile plains of Canterbury. Though it is honeycombed with small hotels, these are mainly frequented by sailors and the lower class of steerage passenger. Christchurch, which lies on the other side of the hills, is only a journey of ten minutes or so by train, being the spot new arrivals in the colony make for first. Anson, therefore, felt rather doubtful as to what sort of a night's lodging "No. 3" public house would provide as, taking his bag in his hand, and leaving his luggage to be called for, he made his way up the Lyttleton Road.

Should he find the opals? Would the next few hours see him enormously rich, and free to return and tempt his fate with Estelle—or would the stones be gone? The nearer he drew to the place the more shadowy became the probability that he was in advance of Durand. Two boats had arrived from Australia within the last day or so, and though he was too eager to make inquiries as to whether Durand was a passenger on either of them, it seemed in his anxiety impossible that he should not have been. Then, too, what other accidents might not have happened? Some stranger might have discovered Wade's treasure, as he himself had suggested on the Doric, or the hotel might even have been burnt down.

Thinking thus he came upon Waikakahihi street, the Maori name Wade had attempted to drill into his companions on that fatal day before he died. Anson's heart began to beat unpleasantly fast. If the plan had been drawn correctly, and his solution was the right one, then the next street should be the street of the hotels. He took the turning and commenced to count. At the third public house he stopped.

A glance assured him that Wade must indeed have been terribly drunk that night, or he would never have slept in such a place. A man whom Anson judged to be the proprietor was standing at the entrance of the hovel—it was no better than that—and he nodded carelessly, as he walked up. He was a short dark man with an evil scowl, which, however, changed to a grin as Anson approached.

"Can I have a bed?" Anson asked.

By way of reply the fellow's smile expanded, and he turned to some one within. "Here's another of them," he called out to the unseen listener. "Another swell."

Anson's heart sank. "Another of them. Another swell!" Whom did he follow? Durand?

"Can I have a bed here?" he repeated, tapping the man on the shoulder to attract his attention.

He turned quickly at the firm tone, and became more attentive. "Yes," he replied. "Oh, lor' yes, as many as you like. Though I should have thought the Royal would have been more in your line. We're not quite first class here. However, you know best. Liz, number 27!"

"No. 27!" It was Wade's room!

Anson followed the frowsy servant up the wooden staircase. No. 27! The girl vanished and he was alone. He carefully locked the door, and trying it, found it fairly secure. Then he turned and examined the apartment.

It was assuredly not the place where one would have looked for a fortune. A very ordinary bedroom in the last stage of dilapidation. Two broken-down chairs, a dejected washstand, and a bed, formed its furniture. On the floor was a wornout drugget, tacked here and there to the rotten boards. If Wade had hidden his opals there indeed, and they had remained till now undisturbed, it was, he decided, a miracle; or else these people never washed their bedroom floors.

He walked to the window and looked out over the port hills with their brown short herbage, and scattered grazing sheep. That queer feeling of hesitation which occasionally overtakes even the boldest when about to risk much on a single throw, made him defer the decisive moment.

He could never explain how it happened, or give any reason for his thoughts, but when at length he made up his mind to turn from the window and commence his search, he felt certain that his labor would be in vain.

He raised a few of the tacks in the corner of the drugget nearest the bed, and examined the floor. It was evidently not there that Wade had made his "cache," for the planks were neatly and evenly laid, and extended the whole length of the room. It would have been impossible to raise one of them without proper tools, and after a careful search he could find no trace of disturbance in any of the other corners. A glance was sufficient to show that none of the boards had been disturbed for years, probably not since the hotel had been built; and he sat down on the bed and considered.

The plan said No. 27. There was no doubt of that, and this room was 27. Suddenly an idea struck him. On the opposite wall were two deep indentations in the plaster, and a long scratch evidently caused by constant friction. At one time, therefore, the bed must have stood there; and with a shove Anson moved it away from its present position, and raised the carpet.

Ah! Just underneath where the centre of the couch had been the builders appeared to have run short of flooring, and the gap was filled up with short pieces, a foot or so long. He was bending over this spot when a knock at the door caused him to bound to his feet.

It was only the servant, asking if he should be down for lunch, but it seemed to Anson as if she had discovered him in the act of robbing her employer. He replied that he should be ready almost immediately, and waited nervously until her footsteps creaked down the rickety stairs.

Then he knelt again, and working with his knife at the board which seemed loose, it gave to the leverage, and he soon had it up, and on to the floor. He looked eagerly into the space it left, his eyes almost starting from his head with anxiety. There were no opals there!

Then some scraps of paper caught his eye, and he clutched at them. They were to all appearances the remains of a visiting card. Trembling he laid them on the bed and with some difficulty pieced the card together. On one side were the words in pencil, "Illusion after all?" On the other was printed, "S. S. Durand, M. D."

So he was too late. Well, he feared it all along. But that was small consolation. Durand need not have added sarcasm to the blow. And yet, if Durand had written those words—as of course he had—why had he torn up the card afterwards. Why?

There could, it seemed to him, be only one explanation. Some one else had found the hoard. But who? The proprietor? Well, whoever it was he too had been disappointed.

He made his way disconsolately downstairs, and lunched, the proprietor watching him curiously the while.

"Do you have many visitors?" Anson asked him in casual tones.

"Oh, lor', yes," he replied, the grin Anson had before noticed returning to his face. "Dozens! Sailors mostly, and that sort. Not many of your kind. Had one or two lately though."

"Anyone by the name of Durand?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes, that's the name of one of them," he returned. "He came the day before yesterday. The other one came just after he left. Seemed sorry to miss Durand. He left last night. I suppose he's your mate," he continued, with some signs of respect. "What's this Durand been up to? Bank cashier?"

Anson hesitated. The man apparently took him and the "other one" whoever he might be, for detectives. "Not exactly," Anson replied cautiously. "But perhaps it wasn't my mate. What was he like—the other one?"

"Big chap with long beard," returned the proprietor.

"Ah," exclaimed Anson with apparent comprehension. Now who the deuce could this other one be? Some friend or confederate of Durand possibly. "And he had my room? No. 27—had he?"

"Yes. They both asked for that one. I don't know why, for bless you it's the worst room in the house. And I don't mind owning it that that's saying a good deal, though the old place pays me well enough. I only gives folk that number when all the others are full. But as they were so particular about it, I reckoned you'd want it too," said the man.

"Thanks," replied Anson. "I was not particular." He was wondering if the fellow knew or guessed anything of the truth. But it did not seem likely.

"I reckon you won't be stopping as long as you thought, now that you've heard this?" said the fellow after a pause.

"I expect not. But what do you think would be the best thing for me to do?"

The tone of confidence seemed to please the proprietor, and he grinned amiably. "Well," he said, "if you want to come up with this 'ere chap Durand before he gets to Australia, or your mate either, you'll have to look sharp, or you'll be a day behind the fair. Your mate was pretty quick, I can tell you, when he heard his man had left. Instead of going down to the shipping offices and making inquiries there and all over the shop, he gave me a tenner to tell him all I knew. You see what with sailors and one thing and another, as you may guess, I hear a good deal in this house, and I put him up to the fellow's march."

"Oh," said Anson with apparent carelessness, but inward excitement.

"Yes," he continued, the careless tone putting him on his mettle. "It's the West Coast he's making for, said I. He'll not be such a mug as to wait about the port till a boat sails. He'll take the train up country as far as Springfield, and then coach over the Ranges through the Greymouth or Hokitika, and try to get a passage on one of the boats from there to the other side. Perhaps to Newcastle or even Sydney. Your mate didn't lose time, I can tell you. He found out that I was right, and was off after Durand before you could say 'knife.' Took the train last night. He'll be through the pass by now."

The man retired to his bar, leaving Anson to his thoughts, which were not pleasant ones. There was no doubt he was right, and that was what Durand would do. Under the circumstances, that is if he had the opals, he would not need to spare money, and he could easily obtain a berth on some boat at the West Coast ports. He was two days too late, but boats did not sail every moment. Knowing the country as he did, he might still make up the time. At least he need not be far behind the second man.

Deciding quickly, he ran upstairs, got his bag, and hastening down again, called for his bill, intending to tip the proprietor, as the "other one" had done, for his information.

"Can you give us a moment," this latter asked confidentially, as Anson entered the bar. "I've something I want to show you."

Wondering what he could desire, Anson followed him into the little private room behind the counter, and watched him while he produced some article from his pocket.

"I wanted to show you this," he said, rubbing at the objce with his coat sleeve. "Because in your line you might know the value of it, and that's more than any of my other customers do."

He held out his hand, and Anson took the thing in his fingers. It was to all appearances a small piece of yellowish brown stone, but on one side of it was a lump that might almost have been the broken half of a large coloured glass marble. He gazed at the rainbow colours for a few moments uncomprehendingly, and then he felt himself turn pale with excitement. It was an uncut opal.

He turned quickly on the man. "Where did you get this from?" he asked, unable to control his eagerness.

At the unexpected tone the man changed colour, and his hand went out instinctively to recover the jewel, but Anson kept it at arm's length. "Where did you get it?" he repeated.

The man eyed him sullenly. Anson saw that he feared he had made a mistake in asking his judgment on his treasure. "I have had it by me a long while," he said at length. "A chap that stayed here once was broke, and I took it in return for his tucker. I never troubled to show it to anyone before. Of course I might have known you detective chaps? I was a fool to show it you. If you think I stole it, you can keep the blessed thing."

Anson was considering, hardly trusting himself to speak just then. The "thing" was an opal, and apparently a valuable one. It was evident the man was lying. In all probability Durand had dropped it while he was staying at this place, and the fellow had found it. If he wished for a confirmation of Wade's story here it was. Good heavens, what had a day or two cost him—and Estelle!

"Look here, my man," he said at last, trying to command a professional air. "I know all about this. You haven't deceived me. Durand was the man you got this from. He wasn't hard up, as you very well know, and I suspect he dropped it, and you very cleverly picked it up. You didn't like to plant it just anywhere, and you thought I might buy it from you—make a bargain and hold my tongue, eh?"

"How was I to know Durand dropped the blessed thing?" stammered the fellow nervously. "I wish I'd never seen it. Besides, I didn't ask you to buy it. Take it if you want it, or give it back to him."

Then it was Durand who had lost the opal! Very well, look out Durand!

"Look here," said Anson, "this might easily lose you your license, and get you into trouble besides; but you found the stone, you say, and I believe you. You deserve something for your luck, and also for putting me up to Durand's movements. I won't be hard on you. I'll give you what the stone is worth to me. I want it for a particular reason. Shall we say twenty pounds?"

The man stared. "Oh, lor'!" he said, "I say, don't deceive a poor fellow! Twenty pounds for that bit of stuff!"

Anson had calculated, knowing very little about the value of such gems, that it would be worth about a hundred pounds when cut. But it was, after all, his own property, and he did not care to buy it too dearly. He carried off his supposed magnanimity nobly. "It doesn't matter," he replied carelessly. "The thing is necessary to me."

The man's unprepossessing visage showed more gratitude than it had probably ever expressed before, and he thanked Anson effusively, if still rather nervously, while he paid him the money, and the trifle for his bill. "So it was a jewel robbery?" he said after a little time, as he made out the receipt.

"Looks like it," he replied laconically, and declining further conversation he pocketed the opal, and taking up the bag, made his way to the station.

In twenty minutes he was in Christchurch. There he quickly purchased a "swag," and making for a livery stable, hired a horse with which, given the start he had, he could make sure of beating the train to Springfield, the terminus of the railway. At this point he knew an old farmer who prided himself on his "cattle." If he could obtain one of his horses on from there, he determined to ride right through to the coast—a hundred and ten miles altogether—and thus gain a day on Durand.

The livery stable hack, though a trifle sore at the end of his journey, crossed the plains gallantly, and Anson arrived at Springfield, a little township on the edge of the hills, two hours before the train. It might be mentioned here that this latter product of civilization keeps up a noble average of twelve miles an hour; and a New Zealand three-quarter thoroughbred doesn't think much of himself if he can't do a bit better than that at a pinch for four or five hours together.

His acquaintance at Springfield, a typical old Scotch (colonial) sheep farmer, once a public school and 'varsity man, but now as keen an old stock dealer as any in the country, with little of the polish of civilization still clinging to him, welcomed him

Fear the Sleep of Death

Superstitions and Customs of Many Peoples in Many Lands.

When death comes to the head of a Siamese household, the family, gathered about the deceased, cry out: "Oh, father, benefactor, why leave us? What have we done to offend thee? Why depart alone?"

The coffin, covered with gilded paper and decorated with tinsel flowers, is removed through an opening in the wall made for the purpose, and hurried three times round the outside of the house, with the cautious hope that the bewildered ghost may thus lose his way and be unable to return on any haunting expedition. It is then ceremoniously borne upon a barge and placed on a platform under a dais. The barge, followed by many little boats, floats to the temple, where the cremation is to take place, says the Los Angeles Times.

At a rich man's funeral tents are erected within the precincts of the temple for the indulgence of games and gambling, while wonderful theatrical performances, introducing monsters and other thrills, entertain the funeral guests.

Among the Shans, the eldest son of the deceased leads the funeral procession, a drawn sword in hand to ward off evil spirits, while the other relatives dance as they go. Handkerchiefs, umbrellas and yellow robes, presents to the priest, give a gala air to the whole. Arrived at the grave, before the coffin is interred, the deceased's wife and children and his brothers' wives march impressively around the bier with lighted candles.

Unexpectedly we find one of the native tribes of Australia bearing a very poetic conception of a spirit world after death. Souls, they believe, ascend to a future place among the stars by means of a rope. A meteorite is a falling rope cast aside by a successful climber, but should it burst with a noise the rope has broken.

A tribe in New South Wales has legends prettily akin. The Pleiades, they explain, were young women of unusual beauty who, pursued by lovers, climbed up into the sky by means of the treetops, while the leader of the pursuers has become Orion.

The Burmese also show poetry of thought in their belief that the spirit of man takes the form of a butterfly which wings its flight whenever he is asleep, declining to awaken him suddenly "for fear that his butterfly may not return in time."

When a Chin of Burma dies, his body, dressed, fully armed, and bolstered up in a sitting posture, presides over the entertainment given in his honor, relatives and friends drinking, dancing and singing songs of praise of the number of heads he has taken, the number of slaves he has captured, and firing off their guns as they circle round the poor deaf, dumb, dead creature of their tribute.

The Karens of Burma celebrate marriages and funerals together.

The body of the deceased is placed on a bamboo platform in front of his recent dwelling. Young men and maidens form separate choruses on either side of the remains. One by one the youths sing ardent love to the maiden of his fancy, who coquettishly sings back discouragement until finally won. When the general courting is accomplished, the young people withdraw and the funeral rites proceed.

According to the belief of the Giliaks, of Siberia, the soul passes from the body of the dead master to that of his dog, who is surprised by all sorts of dainty food until the guest within is prayed out, when the poor animal, equally mystified, is put to death on his master's grave.

But in the glad, free days of primitive savagery, many tribes were not satisfied with so petty an offering as a dog. They demanded human sacrifice to grace their graves.

Such were the Sakalava of Madagascar, and later, when forced to modify their views, the poles erected round their tombs were garishly decorated with skulls and horns of cattle killed at their funeral feasts.

The sign and symbol of the Malay Sakai's belief in a life after death is crudely expressed in the custom of burying a tobacco box with the body of a man, a necklace with that of a woman. But the ignorant fear of the body's pollution seems highly developed, and the house of death is burned down, the site abandoned, even if it means a lost crop of sugar cane or tapioca.

Lying between the Malay peninsula and Wales is a long sweep of map and civilization, but so remarkable a custom was followed in the latter country "within the memory of men living today," that we cannot pass it unchronicled.

This was the presence of the Sin Eater at funerals. Bread, beer and cheese placed upon the corpse were consumed by the Sin Eater, who thus "appropriated to himself the deliquencies symbolized by the viands and prevented them from destroying the rest of the dead."

A scarcely less peculiar superstition, though one of lighter vein, was that known in many parts of Europe, rural England, and even our own New England, as Telling the Bees.

It was widely believed that at the death of a member of the family the bees would all fly away unless someone knocked on the hives and ceremoniously told them of the sad event. Sometimes the absurdity was carried further by decorating the hives with mourning or presenting the bees with funeral biscuit.

FIRST HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Frank F. Was a Real Boy and Still Alive, Says Mark Twain.

For 30 years I have received an average of a dozen letters a year from strangers who remember me, or whose fathers remember me as a boy and a young man. But these letters are almost always disappointing. I have not known these strangers nor their fathers. I have not heard of the names they mention; the reminiscences to which they call attention have had no part in my experience; all of which means that these strangers have been mistaking me for somebody else. But at last I have the refreshment, this morning, of a letter from a man who deals in names that were familiar to me in my boyhood. The writer incloses a newspaper clipping which has been wandering through the press for four or five weeks, and he wants to know if Captain Tonkray, lately deceased, was (as stated in the clipping), the original "Huckleberry Finn."

I have replied that "Huckleberry Finn" was Frank F. As this inquirer evidently knew the Hannibal of the forties he will easily recall Frank. Frank's father was at one time Town Drunkard, an exceedingly well-defined and unofficial office of those days. He succeeded "General" Gaines, and for a time he was sole and only incumbent of the office, but afterward Jimmy Finn proved competency and disputed the place with him, so we had two town drunkards at one time—and it made as much trouble in that village as Christendom experienced in the fourteenth century when there were two popes at the same time.

In "Huckleberry Finn" I have drawn Frank exactly as he was. He was ignorant, unwashed, insufficiently fed; but he had as good a heart as ever any boy had. His liberties were totally unrestricted. He was the only really independent person—boy or man—in the community, and by consequence he was tranquilly and continuously happy, and was envied by all the rest of us. We liked him; we enjoyed his society. And as his society was forbidden us by our parents, the prohibition trebled and quadrupled its value, and therefore we sought and got more of his society than of any other boy's. I heard, four years ago, that he was Justice of the Peace in a remote village in the state of —, and was a good citizen and was greatly respected.

During Jimmy Finn's term he (Jimmy) was not exclusive; he was not finical; he was not hypercritical; he was largely and handsomely democratic—and slept in the deserted tanyard with the hogs. My father was not a professional reformer. In him the spirit of reform was spadmodic. It only broke out now and then, with considerable intervals between. Once he tried to reform Injun Joe. That also was a failure, and we boys were glad. For Injun Joe, drunk, was interesting and a benefactor to us, but Injun Joe, sober, was a dreary spectacle. We watched my father's experiments upon him with a good deal of anxiety, but it came out all right, and we were satisfied. Injun Joe got drunk oftener than before, and became intolerably interesting.—North American Review.

Nine Months of Rain.

Hats off to old superstitions! One old prognostic, that superior and educated people thought they had laughed out of existence, is winning this year, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The rainy and slushy months since January have borne witness to the efficacy of this sign.

It is known as the sign of the twelve onions. Old-fashioned country people believe in it just as implicitly as they do in the time honored theory of planting things in the dark of the moon. In the vicinity of Roslyn, L. I., there is one country family that tries the sign of the twelve onions every Christmas. The female head of the family takes twelve onions, lays them out in a row on a shelf and puts a pinch of salt on top of each onion. This is done on Christmas day. The onions are left for twelve days, and then the prophecy is read. Each onion stands for a month, the first onion for January, the second for February, and so on. The belief is that wherever the salt is found melted on top of an onion the particular month for which that onion stands will be a wet month.

This year, at the end of the twelve days, the Long Island housewife found the salt melted on every onion but three—those standing for July, October and November.

heartily, and responded satisfactorily to his request for a mount.

"Take a couple," he said heartily, when Anson had explained his haste. "There's two four-year-olds by Artillery out of trotting mares in the paddock. They'll soon take you over to the coast, if you can't wait for the coach."

He wasted no time. A chop—the invariable New England chop—and a cup of tea—the invariable New Zealand tea—were soon disposed of, and he started on his journey again. It now being autumn in England it was springtime in this topsy-turvy country, and he had several hours of daylight yet with the prospect of a moonlight night to follow.

He knew the ride which was before him well. At any other time he would have looked forward to it as a pleasure; and even now, anxious as he was to complete the journey, he could not help appreciating its beauties.

The day had been perfect. Though the sunlight in New Zealand never attains the strength of the tropics or even of an Italian summer, it is considerably brighter and more powerful than it ever is in England. When he commenced his ride the day was still, perhaps, too warm for the pace at which he was forced to travel, but as the evening drew on, and the mists commenced to gather beneath the port hills which rose blue in the distance, he felt that he could not have chosen a better time for his undertaking.

For the first forty miles or so the way led through sheep country merely, with the homesteads of various "stations" dotted here and there, while now and then it skirted the shores of some not very beautiful lakes. The monotony of the scenery at this point was, however, broken by the ever changing panorama of the mountains, which shut in the horizon on every side, and reared their snow-capped tops aloft, dimly white in the increasing twilight.

At the Bealey Hotel, the halting place for the night of the coaches, where he changed on to the second horse, the real beauty of the wild ride commenced. He knew familiarly what excursionists call "the West Coast trip," by day; it is a sight people have traveled sixteen miles to see; but the same scenes viewed by moonlight and alone with nature—and nature so luxuriantly wild—exceeded imagination.

After crossing a river bed of interminable width, but carrying little water, the track led past thundering waterfalls, and tree-covered gullies, up, up till the crest of the pass was gained. There on his right, glistening in the rays of the fading sunlight, stretched the Rolleston Glacier, with its masses of ice and snow, while before him, descending until it zig-zags grew faint in the distance, wound the track he was to take. And what a track! Diving over the crest of the Pass, it followed the tortuous course of the mountain torrent, crossing and recrossing by airily hung bridges; in many places cut out of the side of the frowning cliff at a dizzy height above rivers which gurgled and roared in the chasms below, now diving into the heart of the New Zealand bush, whose beauty it is impossible to describe; now winding through magnificent natural avenues, where strange and uncanny night birds hooted, and the trees are always green. . . . But one might fill pages in attempting to describe what is, after all, indescribable.

It was almost morning when, as weary as the horses, he at last reached Hokitika, one of the ports of the West Coast, and the spot where he hoped to catch Durand.

But here again, even after his exertions, he was doomed to disappointment. Hokitika, though an important place for the West Coast, is but a small township in reality. A stranger would find it difficult to remain hidden there for many hours; and he soon learned that Durand had been seen, but had vanished again.

As fate willed it, two boats had sailed for Sydney within the past twenty-four hours. On one of them Durand had taken his passage. On the second—sailing but eight hours after—had followed "the other one"—the mysterious being who was chasing him with apparently as much eagerness as himself; and with better luck. Anson commenced to feel a strange interest in this unknown, who might be an ally, and who was apparently using such herculean efforts to overtake the same quarry. But Durand and the "other one," too, were on their way safely to Australia now, and speculation was futile. Heaven send another boat! was Anson's prayer, and it was granted.

A sailor whom he was questioning informed him that there was a possibility of his obtaining a berth on board a coaler which was about to leave for Newcastle. He would lose but little by having to entrain from there to Sydney, and that little would be almost gained by the greater speed of the craft. The arrangement was soon made, and a few hours found him on board the grimy vessel which was to carry him a further stage on this wild journey which at present seemed likely to take him round the world before it should end. For unless he could overtake Durand, there was a long way to go yet. That Durand would not attempt to sell the stones in Australia he felt sure; he would undoubtedly make for Europe, where he would find an easy market. But Anson was getting nearer to him. Clever as Durand was, he could hardly suspect that he was being so closely followed. It needed but a slip on his part, some slight procrastination or delay, and he would be upon him.

Gray skies, wild seas, coal dust everywhere—a train journey under burning skies and across plains almost charred up with the heat; then Sydney again, and again too late. This time by three hours. A hasty visit to various shipping offices, and a glance at one particular passenger list, told him that Durand had sailed the same day in a P. and O. boat for England, via Colombo and Suez. "The other one" he lost track of at this point. If he had arrived, it was probable he had caught Durand, and Anson envied him his luck.

There was no such thing as bribing a boat to take him on at once, and a dull, anxious, wearisome week elapsed before he secured a berth on one of the Messageries Line steamers, and set his face towards the Indian Ocean. Never before had Sydney seemed so dull and flat to him. Two days sickened him of the gaieties of the "Block" and the beauties of the harbor. The Chinese quarter, once of great interest to him, amused him no longer, and Manly seemed a howling wilderness, and he the most bored of all the pelicans—that is, if the pelican is really bored in the wilderness. a question about which there might be some disagreement.

More sea, this time calm and lovely, more deck lounging, more quoits, more melancholy recollections of the days on the Doric when Estelle and he had paced the deck together for brief delightful moments; more scandal, more gambling, and then one heavenly morning over a pearl velvet sea, heavenly scents filling the air, vivid green palms and chocolate colored roads showing up over the side—and Colombo!

If Colombo, on a December morning after a rain, is not indeed Paradise, it is at least difficult to find a nearer approximation on earth. To land in such a spot after the dreary monotony of a sea voyage; to see that glorious dazzling green—there is no other green like it in the world—after your old acquaintances the funnels and rusty masts; to tread those chocolate colored paths after the dazzling deck, whose every board you know by heart; to be met at every turn by strange, wild, fascinating figures in every color and shade, after the pasty faces of your fellow passengers, whose features you have for the most part got to know too well, and consequently to dislike; to enter weird and bewildering bazaars, see strange dances, and hear still stranger music; to live upon chunnies, Bombay duck, and all the wonders of an Indian cuisine, after the monotonous fare of the ship; to do a hundred more delightful things—put in at Colombo under these circumstances and die—without seeing Naples. Naples would only spoil the delightful memory by its unsuccessful attempt to rival it.

Anson put up at the G. O. H.—they were to stay in port till the following morning—and made his way at once to the shipping offices. There he looked up the passenger list of Durand's boat. Yes! she had reached Colombo a week before, and there was the name he sought. "S. Durand, M. D.," saloon passenger. He was turning away when the list for the voyage from Colombo to England caught his eye, and he gave a hasty glance at it; then caught it up eagerly and ran up and down its columns. Durand's name was not there.

Calling the clerk, Anson asked him if any of the saloon passengers of the Himalaya had left the ship at Colombo. He took up a paper carelessly, and slowly read it hrough. "Yes," he said at length, "four of them left the boat there. Murray, Keith, Brown and Durand."

Anson seized hold of the counter to keep himself from staggering. "Durand! Are you sure?" he gasped.

The clerk stared at him in languid amazement. "Yes," he said, "here it is. Friend of yours?"

"Where's he staying?"

The man looked up and grinned. "Goodness knows," he said, "I don't. We don't ask our passengers their private affairs, you know; they mightn't like it. He's sure to be at the Oriental or one of the other big hotels. You will easily find him. Perhaps Cook's will be able to tell you."

Anson thanked him and walked out, his brain whirling. So the chase was ended: he had overtaken Durand after all! They were in the same town—perhaps in the same hotel; and he had made the slip which had lost him the race. Clever as he was, he had committed a blunder, and if Anson could make it so, a fatal one.

It troubled him little that the ubiquitous Cook knew nothing of Durand, or that he was not staying—as the clerk at the shipping office had anticipated—at any of the big hotels. He could not remain long hidden in such a place as Colombo, and he should not leave without being run to earth. That Anson vowed!

He spent the day, however, in fruitless search, and when night fell he had not succeeded. He enquired at all the hotels both large and small, and even made the pilgrimage to Mount Lavina in the hope that Durand might have been tempted to put up outside the town.

Of course, it was posible that he might be staying somewhere under an assumed name; so Anson strolled out after dinner through the busy streets, hoping that chance might assist him.

Fascinated by the various sights, he wandered on through the crowd, now jostled by swiftly trotting rickshaws, now made way for, obsequiously, by ebony-limbed Cingalese; nodding occasionally to fellow passengers on the boat, and stopping to gaze in at some gaily decorated bazaar, until he found himself at length in the outskirts of the city, and halted to take his bearings.

The night was far advanced. The crowds had vanished, or had been left behind. The street in which he found himself consisted merely of a row of bungalows, whose occupants had probably long since retired to their beds. It was the European quarter, and believing that he knew in which direction his hotel lay, he retraced his steps, and taking what must have been a wrong turning, discovered that he was hopelessly lost.

The street was dark, there being no lights in sight but those of the shipping in the harbor, which shone faintly in the distance, and for a moment he was in doubt which quarter to make for.

At length he decided to make for the boat. His way thence to the Occidental Hotel he knew well enough. If he could reach the port he was all right, and he started out in a line for the sea.

CHAPTER XVII.

Suddenly he thought he heard a cry, and stoped and listened. The night was still, and the noises from the town having ceased, he could hear every sound distinctly.

From far off down the long palm shaded road came the patter of swiftly running feet; and as it drew nearer the unmistakable gasping breath of a runner forced to his extremity. After the flying figure, which quickly drew nearer, came another, though heavier step. With the speed at which thought travels, Anson found himself wondering why the heavier runner was so distressing the lighter and swifter; but as the two approached he caught the even, level puff-puff of the pursuer, and with the instinct of an old "miler" grasped the situation. In a hundred yards it would have been any odds on the pursued. In a long run, such as this terrible chase evidently was, the pursuer was merely playing with his quarry. It was beyond doubt a "terrible" chase, for as the first man passed he could see that he held his handkerchief to his brow, and Anson caught a momentary glimpse of blood-stained linen.

The sympathies of an Englishman are ever with the hunted, and the sight made Anson's blood rise.

"All right!" he called out quickly. "Run for your life. I'll hold him!" and he darted into the middle of the track. The hunted one needed no second warning, and the pad-pad of his feet scurrying swiftly round the corner a second later was a clear proof of his presence of mind.

Before Anson could prepare himself the second man came upon him, collided, and staggered back, almost throwing him off his balance with the shock.

"Hum! English—played Rugger—full back, I should think," he muttered. Then recovering himself quickly he advanced upon Anson. "Get out of the way, you damned idiot!" he cried furiously. "Can't you see I want to catch that fellow?"

"It seems to me you have caught him at least one!" Anson rejoined. "He was bleeding like a pig when he passed me."

"Glad of it!" grunted the stranger. "But get out of my way, you!"

"Let the chap alone. He's had enough."

The stranger swore rapidly for a moment—to recover his breath probably—and then charged Anson madly. For a moment they rolled wildly over and over in the darkness of the road. Then Anson emerged on top; and sat on his opponent's chest for a second, while he gazed through the gloom at some object which had found its way into his hand during the struggle.

The form underneath shifted uneasily. "You have got my beard," he gasped.

Anson was staggered for a moment. It was certainly a hairy substance that he held in his hand. Then he began to roar with laughter, which gradually increased till peal after peal echoed down the silent street.

At the sound his antagonist gave a sudden lurch which, weak from his exertions as he was, shook Anson off his prostrate form, and bounded to his feet.

"Good Lord!" he said wildly, "how strange! I would have known that laugh anywhere, I can swear! Anson, my lad, it's not you surely?"

Anson stepped back in amazement. "Charters!" he cried, and then beginning to realize how matters stood—"then you are the 'other one,' and that was—Good heavens! don't say that it was Durand you were following!"

"That was Durand!" said Charters grimly, and they stood for a moment silent. Charters was the first to recover himself. "Damn Durand!" he said cheerfully. "I am so glad to meet you again that I hardly regret having lost the scoundrel. I'd have had him too, in another quarter of a mile! He was done and I could have sprinted any time. What a fool I was. I'm afraid I was enjoying the sport—sort of cat and mouse business, you know; and now I've lost him! Never mind, he's marked, and he can't leave Colombo tonight anyway. Where are you staying? I want a drink!"

"At the Occidental. So do I, and a long one. I don't know my way back there. I was lost when I met you. By the way—ahem!—here's your beard. I did not know you wore one."

"Thanks, I've finished with it," said Charters, ruefully. "I didn't want Durand to recognize me before I caught sight of him by any accident. Throw the beastly thing away. It has been an awful responsibility to me. I have lost it several times already."

Charters took Anson's arm affectionately, and they started off in the direction in which he said the hotel lay.

"By Jove," he said, "the last time we were together, in the beastly quarter boat of the old Doric's, we little expected to meet again safe and sound like this!"

"You forget Dr. Henning's house," replied Anson.

"Dr. Hennings?" said Charters. "How do you mean? Who's he?"

"The house where you were in bed that night—where Durand rubbed out that tattooing!" he returned, surprised.

"Did it belong to a doctor?" said Charters. "I thought they were Durand's rooms. He said they were. How I came to be in bed, I don't know. I went there with him—had a drink, which of course was drugged, and knew nothing more until I found myself outside London in my shirt and trousers. I have a faint recollection of waking up somewhere with a wild desire to escape into the open air, and I think, of a struggle with someone; but it's all very hazy."

"Then you never saw me in the house" asked Anson.

"You? Good heavens, no! What were you doing in Durand's rooms—or this doctor's house, as you say it was?"

Anson hesitated for a second. Had Charters indeed been insane, or had he seen him while still under the effects of some drug? Then he remembered that the little doctor had cried out in the excitement of Charters' escape, "Stop him! he's still under it!" Yet there was no doubt Charters had been queer. Both Estelle and the hospital physician in Sydney had said so.

"I was in search of you," he said at length. "Miss Charters, whom I fortunately met, told me you had gone off with Durand, and, though you were expected to return almost at once, you had been away for days. I suspected foul play, and went after you. They must have moved you to this doctor's house, thinking it safer. Durand told me you were mad—" Anson hesitated and bit his lip.

"Mad?" said Charters. "Well, I suppose he wasn't very far wrong at the time. My own doctor said I was a bit queer for some time after that horrible experience in the boat. Otherwise I should not have put myself so weakly into that scoundrel's hands. Durand came to me with that yarn about poor Wade's death, and I recollect that the unfortunate fellow had made us his heirs—heirs to those wonderful opals. I should have tried to forget the whole miserable affair if it had not been for Durand; though I had often wondered, and half guessed, at the meaning of that tattooing which I discovered on my arm. But I was a little bit cranky still, I suppose, and to tell you the truth, I have had bad luck lately. I hardly knew where to look for a few pounds. And the thought that I might get possession of those opals for Estelle, and also for you, excited me. Durand seemed honest enough in coming to me with his story, and of course, as he knew so much, I never guessed that he was not aware what the marks were that Wade had tattooed. When I recovered from Durand's drugging, I was, for some reason, better in my head than I had been since my accident. Perhaps it was the night's exposure—I remember I was terribly cold—perhaps Durand had done me a good turn unintentionally by giving me something definite to work for, and taking my mind off that horrible boat. At any rate, the moment I knew I had been drugged, and found the marks gone from my arm, I guessed the secret. I felt strong again, and enraged as I was with Durand for the way he had treated me, I swore I would have those opals, even if it were only to spite him. I started on for New Zealand at once, taking the train across the Continent to Naples, hoping to catch a boat thence to Australia. I sent for Estelle to follow and join me as quick as she could. Unfortunately I just missed the boat that Durand sailed by at Naples. He was pretty quick in getting off, as you see. I suppose when I escaped he thought there was a considerable risk of my recovering and suspecting what had happened. I do not doubt that he would have kept me in that house if he had not worse designs on me, until he had the opals safe, and perhaps then I might have gone mad indeed."

While Charters was telling his story they had reached the hotel, and waking up a sleeny native servant, furnished themselves with a couple of "pegs" and cigars. The punkahs had ceased their drowsy fanning, but the night was cool and starlit, and they felt no inclination to retire to bed.

"Is Miss Charters with you?" asked Anson with a beating heart, putting a question which had been for a long time hovering on his lips.

"Oh, yes. She is in bed long ago," replied Charters, pointing in the direction of the upper rooms with the end of his finger. "Poor little girl; why, I have hardly seen anything of her yet."

Anson gasped. Estelle in Colombo, and staying in the same hotel.

"Yes," continued Charters. "Fortunately I received some money from my lawyers, the balance of the sale of some investments, at Naples, and I wired for her to come after me. When I saw I should have to come back again, I cabled to stop her at Colombo. And here she has been until I came the other day. But we shall see her in the morning. Tell me how it is you came to be here. Are you after the opals, too?"

Anson quickly put him in possession of the facts of his journey from England in pursuit of Durand, and its results.

When he concluded, Charters laughed. "Durand has made pretty fools of us so far," he said, "but his time is coming. I was nearer catching him than you, however, and should have had him once, only he nearly murdered me. The second time you prevented me."

"Tell me about the first," Anson said eagerly. "I want to hear all that he has done. I have never borne such a grudge yet against a man, and I want to be quite sure it is justified."

Charters smiled savagely. "When I have done with him you can have your turn," he said, "but not before. Last night was only a taste of what is to come to him! My story won't take long. When I found that I had missed the boat at Naples I enquired everywhere for some way of remedying the misfortune, and I discovered that by making for Marseilles, I could catch a Messageries Maritimes boat for Sydney. I don't much care for the Frenchman's way of working the sea, but needs must when the devil drives, and I must say we got to Sydney all right. There I learned that Durand had gone on in the Talune for Lyttleton, and I lost three days waiting for the Mararoa. However, she was the faster boat, and I was only a little behind Durand at Lyttleton. At first I could not find that he had been before me at the hotel that Wade had marked with a 3 on the plan he drew on my arm, and which of course I knew by heart, in spite of its having disappeared so mysteriously. He had bribed the proprietor to say nothing, I think, and though the fellow was easily bought afterwards, I had a few moment's excitement, as you can imagine, when I was shown into the bedroom Wade had occupied, and where I half expected to find his opals. You may believe that I experienced a shock when I saw Durand's card, and recognized that I was a day too late. I tore the beastly thing up in a rage, and threw it back into the hole, where you found it. Then, with feeling towards Durand which were anything but friendly, I interviewed the man of the house. A ten pound note quickly did his business, and I was soon off again after the opals. Durand was not making the pace quite so lively then as he did subsequently. He had the opals, and he did not dream we were so close. The hotel man told me he had gone across country for the West Coast, but to my surprise, when I got into the train in Christchurch, there was Durand in the next carriage. He must have been delayed for some reason, or had given a day up to sight-seeing. I never saw a man so disagreeably surprised as he was when he saw me. You know the carriages on that line. They have a platform at each end. Tmhe doors are facing one another, and by walking on to the platform you can see the occupants of the next compartment. I could have stepped across the space between the carriages, but if I attacked him in the train, and I didn't suppose he would give up his booty without a struggle, he might have called the guard and made a row, out of which I should have come badly. I couldn't prove that the opals were mine and yours, and I suppose the fellow saw that. At first I used to get up and walk out on to the platform and enjoy his fright; then I would go back again and sit down. By and by, however, the fellow, I suppose, recognized that he was pretty safe, and—he has any amount of pluck, I must say that—began to pay me back again in my own coin. He had a small bag with him, pretty heavy by the look of it, and he used to wave this at me when I came out on to the platform. I could guess it contained the opals, and it was all I could do not to rush in and take the scoundrel by the throat. However, I knew I should have plenty of opportunity when we got to Springfield, and I bided my time. The game with the bag, which he seemed to enjoy immensely, was not very amusing to me as you may imagine, and after a time I gave up coming outside, nursing my revenge until we got to Springfield. I made a mistake, which I regretted many a time since, however.

"We were not far from a junction, and I was wondering if I wouldn't change carriages and get in with Durand, when the train appeared to slow down suddenly. I got up and looked out. In front of me on the platform of what had been the next compartment, but which was now vanishing rapidly in the distance, stood Durand, waving his hand ironically. My carriage was standing still. In a second I realized what had occurred. Durand must have taken advantage of a small descent in the gradient of the line, which forced the buffers of the carriage together, and stooping down, had thrown back the couplings. It was the simplest thing in the world—on a New Zealand train at all events—and it left me for a moment too surprised to stir. I was aroused from my state of stupor by the guard running hastily past. My compartment was the last in the train of four, and the man and myself were the only two whose journey had thus been interrupted. The man gave a hasty glance at the couplings as he ran by, waving his hand frantically in the direction of the rapidly vanishing train. His action gave me, fortunately, time to consider, and when he returned, blown and disconsolate, I had decided on my attitude. If I were to declare Durand the cause of the contretemps, I should be called as a witness in the action which must inevitably ensue. But they probably wouldn't catch Durand, and I should be the only sufferer.

"'Hallo!' I cried, as the guard came up, 'what the deuce does this mean? Why are we left behind in this way?'

"The fellow stared at the couplings again, and then at me, helplessly. 'I don't know!' he said, 'the couplings are all right. Didn't you see anything?'

"'How could I see anything?' I retorted. 'I saw this carriage stop, and I know that I have the most important reasons for getting to Springfield at once. It will be a serious loss to me being delayed. I shall certainly sue the railway company. What am I to do? How can I get on?'

"My tone seemed to frighten the guard, who was probably quite as distressed as myself at being left behind, and who, foreseeing trouble for someone, did not want things to be made worse.

"'There's a trolley in the van, as it happens,' he said. 'No other train passes here till morning, so the story won't be damaged if we leave it. We can go on to the junction, if you care to, sir. We shan't take long. If the train don't wait for us, and I don't suppose it will, for we aren't far from Springfield, you may very likely get a horse from the hotel, and get to your journey's end that way.'

"I accepted the offer, and we soon had the trolley out and on to the rails. I don't suppose it ever went so fast before, for you may believe we put our backs into working it; and we arrived at the junction not very long after the missing part of our train had departed again.

"I left the guard to tell his tale to the curious listeners, who had gathered round at our arrival, and hurried across to the little shanty called the 'Junction Hotel.'

"Here, however, to my dismay, I learned that Durand had taken the only available horse, and gone on across country. He had not cared to risk their waiting for us, I expect, and jumping out at Springfield, had bought the hotel hack, and, without stopping to make enquiries about us, had galloped off.

"Fortunately, my friend the guard came to my rescue at this point, and I succeeded in getting a hack from a farm near by. My steed, though a wornout old crock, could gallop, and after an hour or so, I caught sight of Durand ahead. His horse, as far as I could see, had had about enough of it, while mine, excited by the race, was still pulling hard. For a mile or two Durand managed to hold his own, and then seeing he had no hope of gaining on me, he struck out across country. This was rather unfortunate for me. The hotel horse could jump, but mine was evidently new to that amusement. We got safely through a couple of gorse hedges, and I was catching him rapidly, when a wire fence came into sight. I had heard of horses jumping plain wire before but I had never seen it done, and I had certainly never expected to attempt the deed myself. Durand—I must say the beggar rides well—went straight at it, and cleared it like a bird. My blood was up. I knew my horse had seen the other one jump, and I trusted to Providence, though I never expected to get over alive. We went at it about thirty miles an hour, struck the wire fore and aft, pecked—and fortunately recovered—but I felt it was all up, unless that jump was the last. I gave my horse his head and a dig in the ribs, and dashed alongside Durand. The next fence, a high barbed wire one, was not far off, and I made a herculeon effort to catch Durand's bridle. He lifted his horse forwards, and I missed my effort. We were charging down on the wire. Durand knowing, I suppose, that it was all up if I got over safely, and thinking by my exhibition over the last fence that I should do so, though I am quite confident my horse couldn't have jumped that wire in a hundred years, reined his hack in quickly just as we reached it, and swerving towards me, struck my animal a heavy blow with his whip. The brute made a furious plunge. I heard a rattle of wire, and remembered nothing more until I woke at the Bealey Hotel. I heard that I was picked up by the coach later on, having been seen by one of the outside passengers, lying on top of a dead horse, with about a hundred yards of barbed wire mixed up with me. I recovered sufficiently to go on next day by coach to Hokitika, and thence to Colombo. I couldn't trace Durand for some time, but last night I saw him talking to a couple of Cingalese in a street near the harbor. I followed him cautiously until he left the men, and then walked up to him. Whether he recognized me in that infernal beard or not, I don't know—he's pretty clever; but as soon as I approached he commenced to run. The rest you know. Have another drink?"

"Thanks," responded Anson, and as they sat, the pale Indian dawn commenced to throw its shadows about the palm tree outside. Then, feeling that they could accomplish nothing more until the town was again stirring, they decided to retire to bed.

(To Be Continued.)

The Way the Weather Works.

The witty Bishop Sanford Olmsted, of Colorado, at a dinner in Denver, said, apropos of Sabbath breaking:

"I was talking to an Eastern clergyman the other day about his church attendance.

"'I suppose,' I said, 'that in your district rain affects the attendance considerably?'

"He smiled faintly.

"'Indeed, yes,' he said. 'I hardly have a vacant seat when it is too wet for golf or motoring.'"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

GOOD GUIDE FOR A HARD JOURNEY

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 25 is, "Israel Journeying to Canaan," Num. 10:11-13, 29-36.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Every few weeks some modern philosopher announces that he has discovered a short cut to Utopia. The event always proves him mistaken; but the persistence of the search reveals how keen is the present-day pursuit of a social Canaan. It is frankly admitted that human society has not yet arrived at its goal; some pessimists even question whether it is really journeying there or whether it is slipping back to an Egypt of oppression. Undoubtedly we are on the move and facing in the right direction. A close analogue to the conditions of today is to be found in the current Sunday school lesson of Israel's journey to Canaan.

The underlying assumption is that there are better things ahead of us. That is the optimism taught by these pessimistic days of old. Progress is the divine law for all creation. Like Israel, society and individuals may rest for instruction and needful disciplining, but the better estate may be reached only by journeyings. The day's spirit of "stand-pat"-ism is pernicious; where there is life there is growth; Change is not decay; stagnation is. The day of doom has come for any institution or character that is satisfied with itself.

Where the Bank Clerk Faltered.

That is the spirit which made the dead nations of the Orient; China has had to be permeated by a new spirit of discontent before her well-wishers could have any grounds for hope for her future. Israel could not abide at Sinai, any more than a boy can abide under the shelter of his parents' roof and protection and still become a man. Going up must always be preceded by a giving up.

There was a young bank clerk in a northern Ohio city who felt that he was fit for larger things than a mere bank clerkship. He grumbled and fretted over his hard lot, for he was sure that he, like others, could make a success of an independent undertaking. One day his opportunity came; a friend offered to set him up in business. Then fear began to bite at his heart. What if he should fail? Then he would not even have his clerkship. After nerve-racking days and nights of decision, the young man finally concluded that he dared not take the risk. He's still a bank clerk. He is a type of hesitant Israel, fearful of new and untried ways, and willing to suffer the evils of ignoble surrender to uncongenial conditions, rather than to dare the wilderness.

False Lights and True.

A plain truth about Israel, which never sugar-coated its religion, is that Jehovah was recognized as the prime essential of its life. The fact of God was the grand assumption upon which all the events of the pilgrimage were based. Jehovah was frankly admitted to first place. Success for the Israelites consisted only in going His way, and with His guidance. Ever in the midst of the camp was the sacred ark, and the pillar of cloud or fire; ever at the head of the marching column went these emblems of the divine presence and authority.

Here is a truth for the times. Amid the fanciful, flickering lights of this age, society needs most to follow the pillar of fire. Success consists in going God's way. Without trying any short cuts, and "improved" modern methods, we should simply follow God. This is society's only hope. And right here is where all Christian teaching, in this day of clamorous and jangling voices, should bear down with great emphasis. It may reach the better country of our desire only by following God's guidance. Nowhere but in his leadership is there safety and prosperity. Let us not be blinded by the glitter of gold, nor bewildered by mammon's pageantry; but along the old proved paths let us follow God.

Following the Gleam.

It is a sorry plight to be caught in unknown territory without a guide. Well did the old song night in Peking, when, having to cross that great city, our jinrickisha coolies did not give proper heed to the friend who told them, in Chinese, our destination. It soon became manifest that, finding us unable to speak Chinese, they were lost. It was nearing midnight and it was cold in Peking, with its semi-dormant hostility to foreigners, its narrow, many-angled streets, is not a pleasant place in which to be lost. Hither and thither the coolies went, inquiring in one place and then in another, each time starting off with a somewhat more confidence. Seeing their hopeless helplessness, I was at last able to direct them to the Drum Tower, which was known territory to me. But I learned then, and at other times in lands where English is not spoken, that a guide is an important factor in life.

The need for guidance, in the wide region of the spirit, is almost universal. Out of it sprang Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

One of the precious truths of the Christian religion is that, like Israel in the wilderness, this troubled world may have guidance, clear, direct, explicit. After leading those stumbling Israelites into the Promised Land, God did not straightway forget the art of guidance. He will lead in a plain path every perplexed disciple who is willing to follow. Once He led His children in the manner in which He leads them one by one. Society progresses by the advance of individuals. As each person follows His gleam, he bears forward with him the welfare of the race. They who rise, lift; they who advance, lead. No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

The Arab and the Hebrews.

The appeal to the imagination made by the spectacle of that vast horde of Hebrews on the march is worth considering. It was vastly different from travel today. There was not a wheel of traffic in all the equipment; everything went afoot. Camp had to be broken and household goods carried. While at this very mometnt there are more people traveling than in the great anabasis from Sinai, yet they are all personally conducted by civilization. Today one may go around the world without discomfort, even with more luxuriousness than the rich man lives at home. Then, a journey of a hundred miles was a serious undertaking.

Into the story comes a new figure, a picturesque Aram, a free son of the desert—Hobab, the brother-in-law of Moses. This man knew wilderness as a commercial traveler knows his railway gudie. Not his the awkward, cumbersome way of this horde of freed slaves, who had not yet learned to be good masters of themselves. He and his household journeyed freely about the desert with all the confidence and celerity of the born nomad.

To this interesting character Moses made a famous invitation: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." That is what the Chosen People today are saying to all races. That is what the church is saying to the world. Simplified, the message of Moses ran—and the analogy between this and the church's message to the world is clear: "Come; give up this futile, hand-to-mouth, happy-go-lucky, life-for-the-moment existence of the desert. Take your place, as befits your manhood and capacities, at the very springs of eternal and universal currents. Enjoy a deeper, more meaningful, more purposeful life for yourself, and let your character count in the making of history. This new nation is going to shape the world's destiny. Come, and we will do you good."

The Appeal to the Heroic.

That offer did not move Hobab. Somehow—and herein we trace the latent nobility of the race—the appeal to the self-interest does not touch the depths of human nature, despite the provorb that "self-interest as the first law of life." Men do their best when their heroism, self-denial and chivalry are appealed to. Moses reached Hobab by touching this diviner strain in his nature. The second request was: "Come with us, for you can do us good. We need you; you can be to us instead of eyes. You know how to camp in the wilderness, and thus can give just the sort of help that we require."

To that request we infer from later passages, Hobab responded. He had a man's instinctive desire to be useful. And the great mass of men outside the church today, who have no inclination to ornament church services, lengthen the rolls, will hear a ringing invitation to unite with the church in the noblest service of their generation. Herein is where the present-day brotherhood movement is finding its grip. When men go after men to join a great, manly work, men are quick to respond.

That is way the day's teaching should be that God's guidance is always into largest service. They who accept him as leader find life for themselves, and the fullest possible expression for their own powers. All who journey with God enter into the largest good. He never leads into failure, but only into that which is success most worthy of manhood.

THE VEGETARIAN.

For me existence is replete
With satisfaction deep.
I care not for the price of meat
So long as grass is cheap.
—Washington Star.

SPEED OF THOUGHT

Nerve Force Moves It at an Average Rate of 114 Feet a Second.

The phrase "as quick as thought" is familiar enough, but compared with other forms of energy, thought cannot claim any great credit for the swiftness with which its behests are carried out. For example, light travels through space at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and electricity similarly puts a girdle around the earth at a speed well nigh incalculably swift.

Our own mental and nervous processes vary greatly in individual cases in respect of their speed. It is curious to reflect that the characteristics of a person in respect to his particular mode of getting through life probably depend largely on the rate of discharge of his nervous force from nerve cells to and through his nerves.

The question has arisen how fast nervous impulses travel along nerves, and at what rate, therefore, are the thoughts we conceive when transformed into nerve force, propagated from brain to the muscles they are destined to bring into play. Nerve force, says the Illustrated London News, has been duly measured in respect of its speed by aid of the elaborate apparatus with which the physiological laboratory today is supplied. In man the average rate has been set down at about 114 feet per second.

Hitherto we have been discussing the rate at which messages of the bodily telegraph system are sent from nerve centres along motor nerves or those destined to bring muscles into play. But a second class of nerves exists in the body, and these are called sensory, because their duty lies in the opposite direction.

They convey messages from the body to nerve centers, these last acting, like the police, on information received, and dealing with such messages as occasion and our bodily interests demand. It would seem that conduction in the sensory nerves is quicker than the motor ones.

Investigators give different rates, varying from about 168 feet to 675 feet per second; an average rate being about 282 feet. Possibly the increased rate depends on the fact that it is by means of our sensory or inward going nerves that we gain information regrading out avoirdupois; intelligence, this, which has often to be quickly acted upon in the preservation and interests of safety of the body.

The physiologist has made many interesting studies regarding what is called our reaction time. Here we endeavor to calculate the interval which elapses between the impression made on our organ of sense and the making of a signal which registers the impression as received by the brain and translated into terms of consciousness. Helmholtz stimulated one hand, while the other signalled the receipt of the impression.

Different results, due, no doubt, to the varying nervous capacities of the individuals, were obtained. In one series the interval averaged the 0.1087 part of a second, and in another 0.1911.

Signalling to the eye by means of a light demanded for its reception and demonstration 0.1139 of a second. In the case of a sound the interval was 0.1360. An electric spark used to stimulate the eye, the signal being given by the lower jaw, gave as reaction time 0.1377 of a second, and by the foot 0.1840.

Age makes naturally a vast difference in the activity of our nervous processes. A young man's interval was 0.3311 of a second, while an old man's reaction time was 0.9952.

A writer expresses the opinion that the greater part of the interval we exhibit between the receipt of an impression and its manifestation in a signal is occupied by the actual work of the brain. He details that when shown one of a number of colors, each of which had to be separately indicated by an action, and when he did not know what to expect (red color being signalled by lifting his finger), varying results were obtained in the quickness with which perception was manifested.

This investigator found that to call up the name of a printed word he required the ninth of a second, a letter required the sixth of a second, a picture a quarter of a second, and a color a third.

The Oldest Bank.

There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts for agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these there were discovered official statements as to the history and transactions of the eminent banking house of Egidu at Nineveh.

Assyrian chronology proves that these refer to a date about 2,300 years before the Christian era, when Abraham dwelt at Ur of the Chaldees, as is stated in Genesis. We may therefore claim for this firm the reputation of being the oldest bank in the world, at least of which we have any records likely to have. The accounts are very voluminous and cover the transactions of five generations of the house from father to son.

The firm grew rapidly in importance during this period during which they attained great wealth, for they had succeeded in securing from the king the appointment of collectors of taxes, a position which in the East always leads to fortune. They afterward framed the revenue for several of the Assyrian provinces, with very great gain to the firm.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Onions as Germ Killers.

Not long ago a Scotch teacher gave this advice to her pupils. "If you have cholera or scarlet fever in the house put some onions under the bed, and they will sweep away all disease." The onion proved its virtue in a remarkable way forty years ago, when cholera raged throughout London. It was noticed with surprise that one of the most unsanitary districts was almost exempt from the visitation. The majority of the inhabitants, being Italians, were great onion eaters, and strings of this vegetable were found suspended from the ceiling of nearly every room. The medical officer of health concluded that the onion, among its many virtues, contains a powerful antidote against cholera morbus and, possibly, other diseases.—Chicago News.

WHAT'S THE USE?

To Pour In Coffee When It Acts as a Vicious Enemy.

Fasters have gone without food for many days at a time, but no one can go without sleep. "For a long time I have not been sleeping well, often lying awake for two or three hours during the night, but now I sleep sound every night and wake up refreshed and vigorous," says a Calif. woman.

"Do you know why? It's because I used to drink coffee but I finally cut it out and began using Postum. Twice since then I have drank coffee and both times I passed a sleepless night, and so I am doubly convinced coffee caused the trouble and Postum removed it.

"My brother was in the habit of drinking coffee three times a day. He was troubled with sour stomach and I would often notice him getting soda from the can to relieve the distress in his stomach; lately hardly a day passed without a dose of soda for relief.

"Finally he tried a cup of Postum and liked it so well he gave up coffee and since then has been drinking Postum in its place and says he has not once been troubled with sour stomach."

Even after this lady's experience with coffee her brother did not suspect for a time that coffee was causing his sour stomach, but easily proved it.

Coffee is not suspected in thousands of cases just like this, but it's easily proved. A ten days' trial works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody who has had experience please tell me how to make a good filler for a cistern?—H., Georgetown, Ind.

I would like to know how to can grapes; also how to separate the seeds from the pulp; would also like to know how to make grape wine. Who will answer?—A., Dickinson Center, N. Y.

Is there anything that can be put on a granite tombstone to protect it from the weather? A granite stone in which I am interested has a soft spot, or something of the kind, and is crumbling.—M., Platte, Mich.

I wish somebody would tell me how to make home-made blackberry wine.—E., Oreton, O.

What should be done with cider that has stood in barrels for a year in order to have it take on the necessary degree of acidity?—T., Clay City, Ind.

By a Farmer to Farmers.

When wheat grades 60 pounds to the bushel, the full amount of the crop in pounds should be divided by 60 to give the correct number

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A wonderful opportunity is offered you to buy lumber and building supplies of every kind at ***Prices that will save you big money.*** Such a chance seldom occurs. Lumber for your house, church, barn, meeting house, crib, store, factory, and in fact, buildings of every kind. We can furnish absolutely everything needed in construction material. Have your carpenter or builder make a complete list of everything you require, including Lumber, Sash Doors, Nails, Roofing, Siding, Ceiling, in fact, anything you may need in building material or merchandise of any kind.

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QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything or engage in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer questions on religious topics—no questions simply involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

James Edward Oglethorpe.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief biography of Oglethorpe, who founded the colony of Georgia.—L. D., Grapevine, N. C.

James Edward Oglethorpe, founder and first governor of Georgia, was born in Westminster, London, England, June 1, 1689, of an old and high family of Yorkshire. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He became an army officer in 1710, and by 1760 had become general. He became chairman of the parliamentary committee, formed in February, 1728, to inquire into the state of jails, and was led to his plan for rescuing unfortunate but honest debtors from the injustice of a hopeless imprisonment, by colonizing them in a new land, where, with new hopes and chances they might retrieve their fortunes by carrying out of this project resulted in the founding of Georgia. The persecuted Protestants of Germany and other parts of Europe were included in this scheme of colonization. Parliament granted to Oglethorpe and twenty other trustees the great area between the Altamaha and Savannah rivers. Oglethorpe embarked with 130 persons belonging to 35 families, November 1, 1732, arrived at Charleston, S. C., January 13, 1733, and on the first day of February they settled at Yamacraw, now the city of Savannah. The new colony was named Georgia in honor of the king, and until 1753 Oglethorpe gave it his personal supervision. In 1734 he went to England with Tomo-chi-chi, chief of the Yamacraws, and saw the king and sent out that year 150 Scotch Highlanders and Protestant Salzburgers from Germany. In 38 he took back with him 300 immigrants, including the famous Wesley brothers. He conciliated the Indians, and in every way his administration was successful, but raised a regiment of 600 men in England and $100,000, and in 1736 made an unsuccessful assault, while acting under orders, upon the Spaniards in St. Augustine, and in 1742 successful repelled a Spanish attack. He went to England in 1743 to answer charges made against him by Lieut.-Col. Cooke. A court-martial pronounced them groundless and Cooke was dismissed from the army. Oglethorpe did not return to Georgia, owing largely to the fact that he had already largely sacrificed his private means for the welfare of his colony. Over $60,000 of bills that he drew for "his majesty's service" were returned unpaid. In the colony, Oglethorpe established friendly relations with the Indians and furnished protection against the Spanish, thus giving security to both Georgia and South Carolina. Gen. Oglethorpe died at Cranham Hall, Essex, July 1, 1785.

Lightning and Lightning Rods.

Editor Question Bureau: As it is a question here whether lightning rods afford any protection to buildings, we respectfully ask you for your opinion. Explain how the electricity is carried off. Does the bolt or charge, as it comes directly from the cloud, strike the rod, attended by a loud report, as in other cases? Some persons here contend that the charge from the clouds never strikes the rod, contending that the object surrounding the rods is thoroughly drawn so as to leave no connection or medium between the earth and clouds.—N. J. B., Silver, Ind.

The editor of Question Bureau has had questions very similar to the above before, and it would greatly please him to be able to say them definitely and for all time. Unfortunately this cannot be. Edison, who has made a life study of electricity, recently made the observation that we know a very small per cent of anything, or nothing, which was it? Benjamin Franklin, no doubt, thought that he had definitely determined the value of the lightning rod as a protection to buildings, but there are those who have made diligent study of the subject who do not agree with him. Franklin, in his poor Richard's Almanac for 1753, wrote: "It has pleased God in his goodness to mankind, at length to discover to them the means of securing their habitations and other buildings from mischief by thunder and lightning. The method is this: Provide a small iron rod (it may be made of the rod iron used by the nailers) but of such a length that one end may stand three or four feet in the moist ground, the other may be six or eight feet above the highest part of the building. To the upper end of the rod fasten about three feet of brass wire, the size of a knitting needle, sharpened to a fine point; the rod may be secured to the house by a few small staples. If the house or barn be long, there may be a rod and point at each end and a middle one, if the ridge from one to the other. A house thus furnished will not be damaged by the lightning, it being attracted by the points, and passing through the metal into the ground without hurting anything." It has been more than a hundred and fifty years since Franklin wrote that. Here, then, was the origin of the lightning rod, which led to the development of the "lightning rod man," whose cunning many have had occasion to regret. Many of our readers have no doubt seen old houses equipped with rods in a manner similar to that which Franklin advised. But did these protectors protect? We will have to admit the probability that the occupants of those rodded houses felt more secure, and that women and children were less nervous, because of the needle-pointed rods which stood above them and not only failed but defied the lightning. But no one can say how many, if any, buildings have been saved by rods, because it is impossible to say what might or might have taken place in their absence. For many a long time since the statistics by insurance companies which support the opinion that rods offer a great deal of protection. It is argued that the rod is not struck by lightning is that at such the greatest heating effect is produced, and that if no inflammable materials are present there is the danger of a following the stroke is greatly diminished. Inflammable vapors form better conductors than the air, and if no rods are furnished to buildings when such vapors are issuing they are liable to be struck, and when struck are more liable to take fire than if supplied with rods. The lightning rod business in this country has been virtually extinct for some time, but there are evidences that attempts to revive it are being made. The state fire marshal of Ohio has recently urged farmers to have their buildings provided as a protection against lightning and consequent fire. We must give him credit of doing this conscientiously. On the other hand we are told that such "protection" is not worth while. Insurance companies of the United States, which are supposed to look into the practical side of the question, make not a shade of difference in charges for "protected" buildings, as to insurability or rates, and insurance officials rarely put rods on their own buildings. It is said to have been proved that a great quantity of scattered metal points—whether iron or copper is immaterial—is the most effective, where protection is desired. For a cheap and effective protection a mesh of barbed-wire fence over the roof and chimneys has been recommended, while perfect safety would be obtained by enclosing the building in a metal sheath, as no electric charge can penetrate into an enclosed metal safe. But no rods or wire can ensure absolute protection.

To our mind there is nothing in the contention, mentioned by our inquirer, to the effect that the electricity surrounding the rods "is so thoroughly drawn off as to leave no connection or medium between the earth and the clouds." The electric phenomena makes many theories seem probable, but this does not appear to be of the probable kind. Experiment has proved that the electric flash is not a single discharge, but the successive discharges of a countless number of vapor particles or raindrops toward the earth or other electrified particles in the air, with such rapidity of progress that they seem simultaneous. Franklin proved that lightning is merely a vast electric spark. The origin of atmospheric electricity is believed to be simply friction. Farraday showed that a powerful current could be excited by steam-driven spray against a water surface, and the friction of wind-driven mist on the earth's surface may produce a difference of potential between the latter and the upper air. In any event, rain conducts a portion of it to earth; so that a period of dry weather causes a great accumulation of electricity, the particles or air distributing their charges through each other. The effect of electrical discharges on vapor is to condense it into large globules; this causes it to sink toward the earth as cloud, and the enormous tension relieves itself by passing to the earth or objects upon it, preferably projections of some height.

Grant's Veto.

Editor Question Bureau: Our post has gotten into something of a dispute in regard to a pension bill which President Grant vetoed. One member claims that it was a bill to pay the difference between the money the soldiers received and the value of gold at the time; others declare that no such bill ever passed congress. Now, if you will give us the facts you will oblige an old soldier and an old reader of your paper.—G. W. R., Whitesville (state not given).

Of the more than forty veto messages President Grant sent to congress, only one had general reference to the pay of soldiers. This was house bill No. 3341, "An act to equalize the bounties of soldiers who served in the late war for the union." In returning the bill without his approval, the President put forth his reasons as follows: "That it appropriates from the treasury a large sum of money at a time when the revenue is insufficient for current wants and this proposed further drain on the treasury. The issue of bonds, authorized by the bill to a very large and indefinite amount, would seriously affect the refunding operations now progressing, whereby the interest of the bonded debt of the United States is being largely reduced. I do not believe that any considerable portion of the ex-soldiers who, it is supposed, will be beneficiaries of this appropriation are applicants for it, but, rather, it would result more in a measure for the relief of claim agents and middlemen who would intervene to collect or discount the bounties granted by it. The passage of this bill at this time is inconsistent with the greatness of the economy now demanded by the necessities of the country." This message, dated March 3, 1875, was written in the President's room at the capitol, but failed to reach the house of representatives before he final adjournment of congress.

Nefert and Ra-Hotep.

J. P. M., Union City, Mich.: Nefert and Ra-Hotep are two remarkable statues of early Egyptian art, in the museum at Gizeh, Egypt. The figures are seated, carved in limestone, painted, and with inlaid eyes of glass and enamel, the effect being strangely lifelike. The prince wears a simple loincloth, the princess a close-fitting white garment with an elaborate necklace and a diadem. The statues came from the vestibule of a tomb at Meidum.

Jack London.

Editor Question Bureau: Please print in The Blade a biographical sketch of Jack London.—A. P., Hurleyville, N. Y.

Jack London was born in San Francisco, Cal., January 12, 1876. His father, a Pennsylvanian by birth, had been a soldier, scout, backwoodsman, trapper and all-around wanderer. When Jack was nine years of age his family removed to Oakland, where the latter attended the public soool and sold newspapers after school hour. He drifted into an adventurous longshore life, taking his chances at salmon fishing, oyster pirating, schooner sailing, and other bay-faring occupations, and at the age of sixteen shipped before the mast on a sealing schooner. Being interested in the labor question, he began the study of sociology, and he led the life of a tramp, that he might better understand the socialist philosophy. He traveled throughout the United States and Canada. In an article which the editor of The Independent of New York, said was the best statement of the social industrial and social conflict of classes he had ever seen, London wrote: "On roads and blind baggages I fought my way from the open west, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labor centers of the east, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle." In 1902 London repeated his vagabond career in the East End and slums of London. Meantime he returned home to resume his scholastic education. Early in life he had developed a strong love of reading and desire of knowledge, and between times he had devoured many books on history, poetry and fiction. After completing the first year's course at the Oakland high school, he crammed two years' curriculum into three months, and passed the entrance examinations for the state university, but on account of pecuniary difficulties he was obliged to give up college just prior to the completion of his freshman year. More work followed, and then he decided to go to the Klondike, Alaska, in 1897. Upon the death of his father the following year he returned home with much knowledge and experience; and the task of supporting the family now devolving upon him, he determined to realize his long-cherished ambition to become a writer. His travels and adventures supplied material for his stories, which rapidly attracted wide attention. His first magazine article, written when he was twenty-two years of age, was published in 1899. Since then he has done work for a large number of periodicals and written many books. Some critics have heralded him as the American Kipling. He is gifted with a strong imagination, a well cultivated mind, and a rare discrimination in the choice of literary materials. During the war between Japan and Russia he went to the front as a war correspondent. London has been twice married.

Stock Buying.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me the difference between marginal trading and buying stock outright on the New York stock exchange. How does the stock ticker indicate the rise and fall of stocks?—O. H. P., Mulkeytown, Ill.

All sales made on the New York stock exchange are for actual delivery and for payment in full on delivery. The broker carries stock for his customer on margin, which is usually 10 per cent of the market price, but the broker himself pays for the stock in full. In order to do this he deposits these securities with a bank, trust company or other lender of money as security for a loan. The lender usually requires from the broker a margin of 20 per cent. Briefly the process of speculation is as follows: The customer orders his broker to purchase a certain number of shares at a certain price, or at the prevailing market price, at the same time depositing a sum of money equal to at least 10 per cent of the value of the stock. The broker immediately executes the order on the floor of the exchange. He compares the transaction with the broker who sold him the stock within one hour after the close of the exchange. The transaction, if in active stock, then passes through the clearing house. Unless it is eliminated by the clearing, the broker selling has to deliver the stock before 2:15 p. m. the following day. The broker buying giving a certified check, in full payment for the same. He then takes the stock and obtains a loan on it from the bank. In this way transactions may be extended almost indefinitely, the only limit being the capacity of the banks to extend the necessary credit. The customer who has bought the stock may order it to be sold when the price has advanced, and his profit is the difference between the purchase and the selling price, less the broker's commission and interest on the credit he has obtained. Investment, as distinguished from speculation, means the purchase of securities, paying for the same in full, and keeping them in safe deposit vaults for the income they yield. The speculative transactions vastly outnumber the investment.

A stock ticker is a telegraphic receiving instrument. The sales, as made, are recorded by a corps of official reporters, and are immediately recorded on the "tape" of the stock indicator, of which there are about 1,800 in different hotels and offices throughout New York city. The "tape" is a narrow ribbon of paper which feeds itself into the indicators and after receiving the printed impressions giving the sales and prices made in the exchange, falls into baskets placed under the machine.

Ingersoll's Answer.

Editor Question Bureau: Could you furnish clippings or copy of The Toledo Blade containing Ingersoll's answer to the question, "What's the matter with the Democratic party?" This appeared in the fall of 1896, in the weekly edition, but I cannot give the exact date. Would like very much to read the article again, and will appreciate any courtesy in the matter.—W. H. P., Sopher, Ind. Ter.

Even could we find the article, to furnish a clipping of it from the files is out of the question; and we cannot spare the time necessary to find it without some definite date to guide us. If any of our readers have the article preserved and will kindly send it to us we may reprint it.

Salicylic Acid Poisonous?

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me if the use of salicylic acid in preserving cider or pickles is injurious to the health?—T. A. M., Metamora, Mich.

Salicylic acid has been used extensively as a preservative of drinks and food, and the question of its injurious effects upon the consumer has never been definitely decided. However, the weight of evidence seems to be that its continued use is injurious to the digestive organs and to the general health. Under such circumstances no person could feel safe in using the acid.

Lalla Rookh.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please tell me all you can about Lalla Rookh.—C. A. B., Allen, Kas.

Lalla Rookh is the title of Thomas Moore's great and most complete poems. It consists of four narratives, of which "Paradise and the Peri" is the finest and most popular. The scene is laid in the Far East, and the learning and ingenuity of the poet, as well as his brilliant imagery and versification, combine to produce an Oriental romance said to be unequalled in the English language. The four stories are told to Lalla Rookh by her lover, who attends her on a journey in the disguise of a minstrel. The poem was first published in 1817.

Image That Fell From Jupiter.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give all the information that you can concerning the image that fell down from Jupiter, mentioned in Acts xix-35.—L. S., Dudley, N. C.

There isn't much information to give. We will quote the verse referred to for the benefit of readers who do not have it definitely fixed in mind: "And when the town clerk had appeased the people, he said, ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image that fell down from Jupiter?" Of course, our inquirer understands that the image, or idol, referred to is that of the Ephesian Diana. Some idea of this particular image may be obtained from a description of it as it has been represented on a coin. It was not unlike the female divinities of the East. The head wore a mural crown, each hand held a bar of metal, and the lower part ended in a rude block covered with figures of animals and mystic inscriptions. The idol was regarded as an object of peculiar sanctity, and was believed to have fallen down from heaven, as referred to in the town clerk's eloquent appeal to the people who were creating the uproar, instigated by Demetrius, the silversmith, against Paul.

Miscellaneous.

S. S. L., Church Hill, Tenn.: Joseph G. Cannon is speaker of congress. Vice President Fairbanks is president of the senate.

F. L., Clayton, Ind.: Write to the commissioner of education, Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

S. A. H., Lawrence, Kan.: We have no parcels post in this country.

I. W. F., Monroe, Iowa: The total eclipse of the sun of 1869 occurred August 7.

E. K., Logan, Ala.: The magnetic poles of the earth are two nearly opposite points of the earth's surface, where the dip of the needle is 90 degrees. They are at a considerable distance from the geographical poles of the earth.

H. H. P., Overbrook, Kan.: If you will refer to back numbers of The Blade, you will find in the Question Bureau a biographicaly sketch of Swedenborg. We have twice printed a sketch of him within recent months, and cannot reprint it at this time.

W. B., Buchanan, Mich.: We do not know where Bill Quantrell, the guerilla, was born, and we have no defense of his career to offer.

M. J. T., Dighton, Mich.: We have no figures at hand showing the per capita consumption of liquor in the United States.

I. M. C., Schooner Point, Ind.: Gen. and Mrs. U. S. Grant's demains are entombed at Riverside park, New York. Biographical sketches of Gen. Grant have been given so often in these columns that our inquirer must excuse us for not repeating at this time.

A. J. R., Grand Ledge, Mich.: The Ohio agricultural experiment station is located at Wooster.

W. E. J., McLeansboro, Ill.: The seven wise men of Greece were philosophers and sages, namely, Solon of Athens, Thales of Miletus, Pittacus of Mitylene, Bias of Priene, Chilon of Sparta, Cleobulus of Lindus and Periander of Corinth. They all lived between 620 and 548 B. C.

Cuba's Mythical Minister.

A peculiar fact about the relations of Cuba and the United States is that while there is no Cuban republic there is a full-fledged Cuban minister in Washington, with a staff of attaches as long as that of the most important European embassy. Moreover, the fictitious Cuban minister to the United States has been delegated to represent his government at the meeting of the Peace conference at The Hague this summer.

When the last Cuban republic went up in a revolution, a short time ago, Senor Don Gonzalo de Quesada, who had been in Washington for ten years or more, first as a member of the Junta before the Spanish-American war, then as commissioner before the republic was born, and then as minister by grace of his good friend and fellow-conspirator, if that is not too strong a word, Senor Tomas Estrada Palma, found himself in an embarrassing place. When the United States took possession of Cuba after good friend and fellow conspirator, if President Palma called for help and abdicated, Senor Quesada was left high and dry so far as his diplomatic status was concerned. He had been on the pay roll so long that he would have found it very uncomfortable to have his name taken off, and there were, of course, other reasons why it might be better all around for him to be minister, even without functions to perform, than suddenly to become a private citizen.

President Roosevelt, with his usual resourcefulness, solved the problem by requesting Governor Magoon, the representative of the United States in Cuba, to continue Mr. Quesada as minister.

So, as Dave Barry explains interestingly in the New England Magazine, Quesada occupies the anomalous position of diplomatic representative to the United States from the Republic of Cuba, which does not exist.

The BLACK SHEEP

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

Tom was the black sheep of the family. This had come to be an accepted fact, brought about by Tom's many discreditable performances, which culminated in his leaving home, under a cloud, for parts unknown.

Tom was a bad lot, by reputation, and after his disappearance the friends of the family hesitated to inquire for him, lest to answer might be embarrassing. He was next to the youngest of the four Fielding boys, and the only one who had brought sorrow upon his parents. The three older sons went through the public schools, were graduated, and entered upon business careers which, if not brilliant, promised to be fairly successful.

Tom did not stay in school long enough to be graduated. He could not endure confinement or close application to study. He learned easily and might have come out of school at the head of his class, if he had so desired, but he was without ambition for the student's honors. In fact, Tom had no ambitions. All he was conscious of wanting was to have a good time and to keep moving.

In the beginning, Tom's exploits were boyish pranks that were harmless enough, but he got started wrong, and the end of it was, he edited the usual story of the ne'er-do-well, with unusual vigor. Tom was of a highly-strung nature, and highly-strung natures reach heights and depths of which the commonplace soul has no conception.

Tom had nearly reached the depths at the time he left home. A money transaction in which he was questionably involved caused him to play the craven, and to run from possible consequences. His father made amends, and endeavored to keep the affair quiet, but of course it "leaked out" and Tom's name was a thing of dishonor.

At the time this happened he was scarcely more than a boy, and a very lovable boy to all those with whom he came in intimate contact. Aside from his mother, Tom loved his younger brother, Ned, more than anyone else in the world. His older brothers were inclined to be hard upon him for his wildness, and his father let Tom see that he had offended his pride and tried his patience sorely.

Ned returned Tom's love with a sort of hero worship. Tom was so bright and quick and smart, he thought. He could do anything he wanted to, and some day he was going to want to do great things. When this wanting-to time came, Tom's greatness was, in Ned's mind, a thing accomplished. Tom felt this, and in an indefinite way he intended to reach the heights upon which Ned saw him, but his beyond was ever of the vaguest. It was the hour—the moment—that held him enthralled.

When he went away he left, pinned to Ned's pillow, a slip of paper on which was written: "I'll make good yet, old fellow. Just watch me."

But Tom, in spite of this confident assurance, did not immediately begin to "make good." He was out in the world alone, and away from home restraint. The desire to see life was strong upon him, and he cast his lot in homeless places and with Godless people. He was amid surroundings that allured all that was primeval and untamed in his nature. He found it easy, with his youth and cleverness and strength, to earn money, and, made reckless by the riot of living, the past became a dream, the present a glittering excitement, the future something with which he did not reckon. As yet he had not suffered for the wrong he had done, and the why and the whence and the whither had not begun to trouble.

Occasionallly he wrote to Ned or his mother, but there were long silences between, and sometimes, in his wandering career, he did not receive their answers to his letters. In his home city, because he never returned, and because none spoke of him often enough to keep alive his memory, he was almost forgotten, or if he was remembered, the memory gave rise to the question, "Wasn't there something wrong about Tom Fielding?"

Personally Tom thought life was going very well with him. He was independent, and with the right to be outrageous if he choose, in which lies half the delight of independence. Tom took his own way until God said no, and changed the color of his vision.

He received a letter, worn and soiled with much travel. It was from his mother, written two months before it came into Tom's hands. The letter told him of Ned's serious illness, and slight chance for recovery. Tom's face whitened and his hands trembled when he realized what this might mean. Perhaps, even now, Ned was gone where none of earth might reach him. He felt that to get at Ned once more, he would batter down the walls of heaven. Where was his brother, he wondered vaguely, looking up at the sky that arched blue and clear above him, in futile effort to pierce its mystery. Then Tom went home. Ned was living, though slowly wasting away with an incurable illness.

"I'll make you well, old fellow," Tom told him, "you stick to me, I'll make you well."

He watched and nursed his brother with the tenderness that a mother gives to her little child. He carried him in his arms, and hovered over him, striving to infuse his own health and strength into Ned's weakened body. For a time, after Tom's return, it seemed as if Ned took a turn for the better, then suddenly he began to fall again, and day by day he perceptibly grew weaker.

Tom was in a tumult of revolt. Why should Ned, his brother, the one who had always believed in him, be taken away? He had not kept his promise to Ned; he had not yet "made good." He wanted time to prove himself worthy of Ned's faith and trust. Ned was so young, it had never entered Tom's mind that he could die.

When the hour came, fiercely determined to keep at bay the inevitable, Tom tried to hold his brother with his hands, but there was something slipping away upon which human hands have no effect. His grasp was as ineffectual as though he were snatching at a shadow. A great primal thing was happening; a thing that does not alter with the ages.

Tom's voice, speaking rapidly and low, telling of all that he would do, pleading boyishly to Ned to live, fell on unheeding ears. Tom was pleading to the most inaccessible thing in all the world—the spirit when it is making ready to go on its mysterious far journey.

After it was done, after life's final honors had been given to Ned, Tom came awake to himself. He felt that his father and brothers regarded him as a disgrace, and the sting of their disfavor was sharp. He was so ready to love them more than he had ever loved them before. He was so ready to atone, but they could not understand, and were without belief in his good intentions. His mother seemed aloof from him in her grief. He had cast himself adrift from all the joys and sorrows that form a common bond in family relations. The fact that he, alone, was to blame, did not make the knowledge less bitter. He wanted to be taken back, but they were not willing. Well, he would go and never trouble them again. Ned was the only one who believed in what he said, and Ned was gone.

The house was so hushed and still that Ned, making his preparations to slip away unnoticed, stepped softly, lest his footfall should disturb the silence. He had brought a few belongings with him, and his luggage was soon packed. When the final moment came, he stood with his hand on the front door, reluctant to go. Just as he was about to open it and pass out, he heard his name called softly from the upper hallway.

"Tom, dear," his mother asked, "where are you going? I want you."

She was standing at the top of the stairs, holding out her arms to Tom and looking down at him. Her face was illumined with the great and good love that is born of Heaven.

"Tom, dear," she said again, gently, "don't go away. I want you."

It was Tom's great moment. Swiftly he turned and mounted the stairs.

"I'm going to make good," he promised over and over as he climbed, "I'm going to make good, mother."

BARKING SNAKES.

Remarkable Yarn Told by a Canadian Indian Guide.

I have been studying a nature story at close quarters the past few days, and it is my advice that Mr. John Burroughs and his distinguished friend go slow in positive denials of apparent impossibilities.

John Antoine, my Indian guide, who is 78 and looks 45, asked me the other day while I was trolling for black bass if I had ever heard a snake bark like a dog. I looked at John, but his face bore truth in every line. I replied that I never had heard a snake bark, and asked John if he had had the good fortune to hear a snake so perform. He replied quietly that he had; that a year or so ago he and several friends were in the back woods trapping otter when they were surprised by the barking of a dog across a swamp. John thought it was a beagle hound at first, and his friends agreed that a beagle hound was certainly giving tongue across that swamp.

But why should a beagle hound be across the swamp, John thought, for there was no one within a hundred miles of them. John decided to investigate. Walking around the swamp to the other side he crept down to the water and saw a snake floating on a saw log and trying to swallow a big horn pout. The snake was about eight feet long, about as big around as a man's leg and ending stubby at the tail. It was so heavy that the saw log was almost submerged. One of the horns of the big fish had stuck in its throat and it was in trouble. About twenty feet from it another log was moving, a larger snake of the same breed, and this snake was barking in sympathy for its mate.

I told John that no such snakes as he described ever grew in Canada; that they were pythons or anything; that snakes do not bark, and that he must have been seeing things that day. John was positive that he had seen and heard the snakes and that his friend had also heard and seen. I made up my mind that John was lying, taking me for an easy mark. The next day we were building an addition to my bathhouse and I had Simon and Rufus Madore to help. While we were at work John said to me quietly: "Simon and Rufus both saw the snakes and heard the big fellows bark." This was corroborative evidence at close quarters. I questioned Simon and Rufus, and then cross-examined them. They told exactly the same story John had and swore there could not be the least doubt about it. If necessary I can secure the affidavits of John Antoine and Simon and Rufus Madore to this snake story, and so I am inclined to question advisability of saying liar before the proofs are all in.—New York Sun.

Kaiser Wilhelm Shorthand.

The kaiser is never weary of designing new writing paper for himself. His latest design is for a paper to be used on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. The paper and envelopes are of two colors—white and pale blue. In the middle at the top of the sheet of paper are the words, embossed in gold, "S. M. J. Hohenzollern." Under this is the imperial crown, also in gold, and under the crown comes the Prussian eagle surmounted by the yellow imperial standard and the purple royal standard of the king of Prussia. This design of eagle and standards is surrounded by the blue ribbon of the garter, with the garter motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and this again by the golden chain of the Prussian black eagle. The embossing is done by a specially cut die, but the coloring is done by hand on each separate sheet and envelope.

The kaiser writes a very illegible hand, and his spelling is often of the most arbitrary and confusing nature, owing to his rage for contractions. It is, of course, known that some Germans use the Roman character in writing, but the majority still use the pointed Gothic letters. The kaiser uses both in the same sentence, often in the same word. He writes his name in half a dozen ways.

But it is in abbreviations where the master's hand may be seen. His treatment of the letter e is shocking; in fact, he seldom writes an e, omitting it wherever possible. Were we to write the last four words of the last sentence in the imperial fashion, they would run thus: "Omitting it whrvr possibl."

It need hardly be said that the kaiser knows all the rules of German orthography, but he has no time to be bothered about e's, and, besides, his secretaries soon get used to his shorthand.

Save the Hawks.

It has been demonstrated by careful examinations of the stomachs of these hawks carried on under the direction of the department of agriculture at Washington, that poultry and game birds do not constitute more than 10 per cent of their food.

All the other beneficial animals preyed upon including snakes, will not increase the proportion to 15 per cent, so there is a balance of 85 per cent in favor of the red-tail.

This is a fact that every gunner should remember, since the hawks destroy so many injurious rodents that they should never be shot unless in the act of stealing chickens.

LAFITTE'S TREASURE.

Its Hiding Place Has Been Pointed Out in Dreams by Ghosts.

Since the French privateer and smuggler Jean Lafitte sailed the high seas and brought his treasures to the Gulf coast and buried them, now and then it happens that some sensation arises as to their immediate whereabouts.

Thirty-four years ago the pirate of the gulf, as Lafitte was called, appeared in a dream to Dr. Beazly, and rather roughly taking him by the collar told him to come with him and he would show him where there were gold and silver and diamonds buried. The doctor in his dream followed his midnight visitor and he directed him to a certain place in the cottage which was then the Beazly home and occupied by the family and designated the spot under which lies the much talked of wealth of the privateer.

The doctor, having the same dream repeated twice in the same night, became wide awake after Lafitte's third visit and much interested, the result being that he did, and perhaps, too, very shortly afterward, begin digging under the house in pursuit of the treasure.

After getting to the depth of four or five feet he found nothing of any moment except a very unusual stone in this part of the world, where nothing of its kind was ever seen here.

Had it been kept on possibly the treasure might have been found and the restless spirit of Lafitte, wherever it may be, might have been released from this burden of secrecy, a burden from which, seemingly, he wished to be relieved, as another visit has been made in the same house, and this time in a dream Lafitte appears in the presence of a lady, urging her to get the lost jewels, gold and silver.

After all these years Dr. Beazly has at last consented to have some one else who believes in the undertaking join him to find the treasure, and they have made arrangements satisfactory to all parties concerned and now in a short time Mr. McKay, a banker at La Porte, being the associate mentioned, will begin operations to find the treasure stowed deep down under the old house—Houston Post.

JUST KICKED AT A CAT

Cure for Rheumatism Discovered by a Jersey Freight Clerk.

A clerk in the Pennsylvania railroad freight office in Jersey City suffered from spasmodic twinges in his right leg, which he attributed to rheumatism. He consulted a physician and spent a good deal for medicine, but continued to grow worse.

One morning recently the office tomcat in a spirit of friendliness arched his back and rubbed against the afflicted calf. The clerk gave a vicious kick with his bad leg and a gray streak shot through the air. He hobbled to a chair and sat down with a few stirring remarks about cats and rheumatism.

A few minutes later he gritted his teeth hard and arose. He shook his leg and feebly smiled. Then he walked like a drum major across the floor and, boisterously shook hands with himself. The sharp twinges had disappeared and there has been no recurrence of pain.

The clerk's doctor corrected his diagnosis when asked for an explanation of the sudden cure and said that what he mistook for rheumatism was probably caused by a twisted ligament. The kick at the cat straightened out the twist and removed the cause of the trouble.

Wives Who Never Speak.

The Corean woman who speaks or even nods on her wedding day immediately becomes an object of ridicule and loses caste. Neither threat nor prayer must move her, for the whole household is ever on the alert to catch a single muttered syllable. Her period of silence often lasts for a week or more, and when complete silence is broken she only uses her tongue for the most necessary uses.

Some sixty years ago a native of Pennsylvania undertook for a wager of $150 to remain mute for the first month of her marriage. Her husband, not being in the secret, left her, only to return later, when he was apprised of the real reason of her silence.

A Brussels couple, named Dupont, quarreled so bitterly on their wedding day that the wife vowed that her husband should never hear her voice again. His entreaties went for nothing, and to her dying day she kept the letter of her oath.

A Brunn woman, whose husband was in hiding from the authorities, inadvertently betrayed his whereabouts to a police spy. As a result the man was taken and received a term of imprisonment. So much did she take to heart this misfortune, brought about by her gossip, that she resolved to remain mute to the end of her life.—Tit-Bits.

NO MAN'S LAND.

Unowned Spitzbergen Peopled Only by a Thousand Dead.

The name of Spitzbergen has been spoken oftener during the last few months than for many a long year. The fact that the Wellman airship has been building there is responsible for Spitzbergen becoming something like a household world. Its history is romantic.

During the most profitable period of the Dutch fishery, 1620-35, says the National Geographic Magazine, over 300 Dutch ships and more than 15,000 men annually visited Spitzbergen; more than 18,000 men were on the coast in one summer. These conditions led to its summer colonization.

The most remarkable of these establishments was at Amsterdam Island, where on a broad plain grew up the astonishing village of Smeerenberg. Here, nearly within ten degrees of the North Pole, 79 degrees 50 minutes north, for a score of years prevailed an amount of comfort and prosperity that can scarcely be credited by the visitor of today.

Several hundred ships, with more than 10,000 men, visited it annually. These consisted not alone of the whalers and land laborers, but of the camp followers who always frequent centers of great and rapid productivity.

In that built by the whalers followed merchant vessels loaded with wine, brandy, tobacco and edibles unknown in the plain fare of the hardy fishers. Shops were opened, drinking booths erected, wooden and even the brick tile covered houses constructed for the laborers and the whalers.

Even bakeries were constructed, and as in Holland the sound of the bakers horn, announcing hot, fresh bread, drew crowds of eager purchasers. If report errs not, even the Dutch frau of 1630 was sufficiently enterprising to visit Smeerenberg.

The shore fisheries soon failed (about 1640), and the Dutch being driven to the remote and open seas, Smeerenberg fell into decadence; the furnaces were demolished, the copper caldrons removed and the tools and utensils of the cooper and whaler disappeared; only the polar bear remained to guard the ruins of the famous Spitzbergen fair.

But human interest in Smeerenberg did not pass away with its vanishing habitations, for on the shores of that bay rest the last mortal remains of a thousand stalwart fishers, who closed their lives of toil and struggle in view of the icy seas.

Spitzbergen of recent years has been claiming greater attention. A coal deposit of considerable value has been found on the island, and it has become a favorite resort for hunters and excursionists.

It is known as No Man's Land, as it belongs to no country, Norway and Sweden being unable to agree as to its possession. Last year about half a million dollars' worth of oil, furs and eiderdown were obtained from the island.

Some authority ought soon to take possession of the archipelago, for the game—such as reindeer, polar bears, pharmigan, geese, ducks and other birds—formerly so plentiful, is being wantonly exterminated. A party of tourists last summer killed more than 100 reindeer, leaving the carcasses where they fell and taking with them only a few of the finest heads and antlers. Eiderduck nests are robbed of eggs, which Norway on her northern coasts and Denmark in Greenland protect by law.

Ireland's Needs.

"Ireland's greatest need is more industries which will furnish employment for the classes and keep them at home," declared the Rev. James Lee, of Revere, chaplain of the Ninth regiment, who has just returned from Ireland.

"People there are willing and anxious to work, but the opportunities offered them are not adequate," continued Father Lee. "What is needed in Ireland at the present time is persons with capital who will establish factories, not particularly in the cities, but out among the suburbs.

"The country districts are showing a tendency to go into grazing rather than farming. Consequently, not so many people are required to till the soil as was formerly the case. Canada is drawing largely on Ireland for labor. The Canadians are going about it in a systematic way, and show convincing proof that the government believes in advertising for immigration.

"In Dublin the Canadians have an attractive exhibit of the products of their country, and full explanation of the possibilities of Canada are set forth by persons employed for that purpose. The result is that many Irish are going to Canada and settling on farms or in manufacturing centers.

"America and Australia are draining the island of some of its most capable young men and women, who would gladly remain at home were there an opportunity to meet their ambitions.

"Everything considered, I believe the situation is brighter than for some time, particularly in the north of Ireland, where, in Belfast, there is a revival of shipbuilding, and manufactures are springing up with great promise for the future."—Boston Herald.

FORTY STORIES HIGH

Its 593 feet of elevation will make the new Singer building, at Broadway and Liberty street, New York, with the single exception of the Eiffel tower, the tallest structure in the world. Practical engineering difficulties which confronted Architest Ernest Flagg forced its unusual manner of construction. When finished it will resemble a gigantic bridge turned on end more than the conventional skyscraper.

To insure sufficient resisting power to gales, the skeleton is to consist of five giant steel trusses exactly like those used in the construction of bridges. Stripped of its masonry, this will give the tower the power of resisting w

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Current Comment

Governor Hanly says Roosevelt "is not infallible." If he were he wouldn't be President.

Uncle Sam, it seems, has lost an island in the Pacific somewhere. Has Japan been searched?

"It is rumored that the empress dowager of China is going to retire." Like Tom Platt she will!

Kings kiss when they meet. Which is one good reason why a man should never want to be a king.

Japan is enjoying an era of prosperity. The Republicans must have assumed control over there.

Some times it looks very much as if Mrs. Eddy's next friends love her dearly for the money she has made.

If the apple crop is a failure, look out for the Ben Davis to be the only surviving member of the family.

There is little danger of a trust doing anything out of spite. There is no money in that sort of business.

Persons who wish to be treated fairly by the Standard Oil company should move to a foreign country.

One of the things her friends are finding against Mrs. Eddy is that she allowed herself to accumulate money.

Governor Hughes must expect to remain in politics. He is going to make the rounds of the county fairs in his state.

"An English physician claims that love can be explained on scientific grounds." But who wants it explained?

There is no end to Uncle Joe Cannon's versatility. He successfully kicked an alleged mad dog the other day.

"Former Governor Odell, of New York, has had an operation performed on his jaw." Going to re-enter politics?

There are many alleged cures for the whisky habit, but the real cure is a well-kept resolution to quit drinking the stuff.

Says Speaker Cannon: "There will be no revision of the tariff by the sixtieth congress." There, that question is settled.

It was a woman who figured that as a result of the telegraphers' strike the wires might become seriously damaged from rust.

Frank Rockefeller repudiates the interview he is reported to have given out concerning his brother John. Frank would make a good politician.

When it comes to the matter of kicking mad dogs Vice President Fairbanks should have considerable advantage over Speaker Cannon.

There are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible scattered throughout the world. And yet we never run across anybody sitting in a hammock reading one.

When he reads of a Standard Oil company tank being struck by lightning, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis must feel that he is being vindicated.

Men who have been trying to drink all the whisky in the country may feel encouraged to know that they consumed 11,409,252 gallons more last year than the year before.

Sometimes it looks af if the Standard Oil company had made it one of the rules of its life to not turn around more than twice in any one day without disobeying the law.

"At this time," says a newspaper of the south, "the drop of a pin at Oyster Bay would be heard around the world." Much would depend on whose toe it dropped.

The Standard Oil company has declared another $6,000,000 quarterly dividend. Reports that the Standard was about to go to the poorhouse were evidently without foundation.

We would all worry more over the strike if we should get up some morning and find that, because the cook hadn't received a message she was expecting, we could have no breakfast.

The trouble with the new coins after the St. Glaudens design was that they couldn't be piled up, one on the other. With men like Mr. Rockefeller such a fault would be considered quite serious.

According to late reports, Mr. Grover Cleveland has been getting along so well in a physical way that he doesn't even have to feel grateful to the people who have been worrying about his health.

Filipino students in this country have all graduated with high honors. They went right ahead and got an education, and didn't have to have the native white boys tell them what they were over here for.

One remarkable, if not suspicious, thing is that we never hear of a so-called good trust walking up to the government and saying, in a pleading voice: "Please, Mr. Government, won't you investigate me?"

While there may be a few persons, scattered here and there, who believe in government ownership of all railroads, there is probably only one man in the country who favors complete Harriman ownership.

SIGNIFICANT STRAW VOTE.

The Chicago Tribune has been taking a vote of the editors of the middle west on choice of Republican presidential candidates. It asked the Republican editors of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas if they approved the progressive policies of President Roosevelt. Of the replies 1,569 approved the policies of the administration and 65 did not.

To the question, "do you prefer a progressive or conservatice man for President Roosevelt's successor?" 1,435 want a progressive and 176 a conservative.

For first choice of candidates 944 were for Taft, 191 for Cannon, 159 for Fairbanks, 19 for Knox, 184 for Hughes, 239 for La Follette, and scattering votes for a dozen others.

Fairbanks makes a poor showing as 111 of his 159 votes come from his own state. Taft's popularity is really surprising. His home state is not included in the list, but he has a big following of newspaper men in all the states canvassed.

President Roosevelt received 158 votes, but the Tribune explains that in the great majority of answers received the voters expressed themselves in favor of Roosevelt if he could be prevailed on to accept the nomination.

Mr. Taft's popularity outside his own home is mose complimentary to the Ohio man. For first choice he leads all others by more than four to one while he is the second choice of 322 and the third choice of 158. Of course these editors no doubt expressed their personal choice, but it is safe to believe they also reflected the sentiment of their communities.

The Tribune's vote is by all odds the most significant straw in the presidential campaign, and its result is highly satisfactory to Ohio, the home of the leading candidate.

IOWA IN THE SENATE.

It was expected that when the term of Senator Allison expires in 1909 he would retire from the United States senate. His recent declaration that he will ask for another term is somewhat of a surprise to Iowa and the country.

Senator Allison is now 78 years old. At the end of his present term he will be 80, and will have been a member of the senate continuously for thirty-six years. His ill health during much of the past two years lent color to the generally accepted rumor that he would not want another term.

Iowa will soon face the problem of choosing between Allison and a younger and more active man. It has before it the experience of New York, which is practically unrepresented in the senate, and the example of Alabama, which retained Morgan and Pettus until death removed them long after they had become octogenarians.

Senator Allison has been an active public servant. For more than a third of a century he has taken a prominent part in shaping the legislation of the country. He came to the senate equipped for its duties by eight years' experience in the house. He has been one of the great men of the country. Iowa is proud of him and the country recognizes and appreciates his worth.

But the question is if a great and growing state can afford to retain a man in such a place who has reached the age when his powers are on the wane and when in the natural course of events his intellect is impaired and he is no longer vitally concerned about the great problems which confront a national legislator. It can be readily understood why Iowa will hesitate to turn down such a faithful public servant. It is to be regretted that when a man reaches the age of Senator Allison he should not voluntarily relinquish his grasp on public life and give way to a younger and more active man.

THEN AND NOW.

The last great telegraph strike was in 1883 and was directed against the Western Union. That strike lasted for a month and ended in a victory for the company.

There was one thing which assisted in bringing that strike to an end, and it was entirely unexpected. That was the slump in the telegraph business. While the corps of operators was greatly reduced, the business offered fell off so that fewer men were needed to handle it. When it was found there was a great delay in the transmission of messages, the public did not try to send so many. It relied on the mails and found it could get along fairly well.

The striking operators expected business to keep up as usual and that the company would need its full quota of help. In this they were mistaaken. Fewer men were needed, because of the decrease in business.

This will probably happen again. The mail service of the country is excellent and business men will write letters instead of pinning their faith to delayed messages.

The long-distance telephone is also a far greater factor in the commercial world than it was twenty-four years ago and it will now be utilized where quick action is necessary. The business world can better get along today with a crippled telegraph service than it could in 1883.

THE OIL KING'S THREAT.

John D. Rockefeller is seeing things.

Unless the administration changes its policy and ceases its prosecution of the big interests that have been robbing the people, there will be a panic and financial disaster, in his opinion.

The very character of the threat should stiffen the backbone of the administration and encourage it to pursue its investigations of questionable trust methods.

It may be that these men who control millions and who have been tightening their grip on the industrial affairs of this country can precipitate a panic, but they dare not. As sure as they do the people will not rest until they have revolutionized industrial conditions, and that means government control and ownership wherever such control and ownership are possible.

When the campaign against the trusts had developed evidence of wrong doing, The Blade urged the importance of returning to sane and safe methods. But instead of acknowledging error and reforming, most of the institutions attacked continued their policy of arrogant obstruction and absolute defiance.

The Standard Oil, one of the most brazen offenders, blocked the investigation of the government in every way possible. But information proving conclusively that the company had wrung millions from the people by illegal acts, was not hard to find, and armed with this the department of justice has finally driven the corporation into a corner. Somebody complains that Judge Landis imposed a fine amounting almost to confiscation, yet the testimony shows that since 1882 nearly $800,000,000 have been paid in dividends. How small by comparison is this less than $30,000,000 fine.

And now Mr. Rockefeller sounds the note of warning. He doesn't say, but he might as well have said: "Hands off the Standard Oil, or we will bring suffering and misery to the people of the nation," for that is what his words mean. Well, if this financial Sampson is ready to pull the house down over his own head, the sooner the better. This nation cannot endure if it must bow the neck and pay tribute to the favored few.

CURE FOR SPOTTED FEVER.

The scourge of meningitis or spotted fever that has terrorized Castalia is said to be under control. The marvelous recovery of three persons who in April were pronounced hopelessly stricken with the dread disease, has restored confidence.

The cures were effected, it is said, by the injection of a serum discovered by Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rockefeller Institute in New York. Dr. Flexner has been making a special study of this disease, which has baffled the brightest minds in the medical fraternity.

Castalia can lay claim to prominence in this connection for the reason that the serum was first successfully used on victims of meningitis in that town. Physicians who had knowledge of Dr. Flexner's claim, watched the course of the treatment from day to day and their observations led them to the opinion that the cure is certain and complete and in no wise impairs the health or constitution of the patient.

The importance of the discovery is manifest when it is understood that only a small proportion of persons attacked by meningitis recover. We call that man who saves even one life a hero; how much greater service has Dr. Flexner given to the world if he has successfully conquered a disease that numbers its victims by the thousands!

TIME FOR CONSERVATISM.

Now is the time to keep cool.

Don't let John D. Rockefeller pump you full of that panicky feeling.

The failure of an automobile company to get an extension of credit is not of itself an indication to cause alarm. While the company may have a large amount of assets perhaps they cannot be classified as "quick" assets, that is, easily convertible into cash. The bank that loads up on inconvertible securities is in deep water the moment there is a tight money market.

It is unfortunate that there is a combination of circumstances tending to cause apprehension. The telegraphers' strike is doing a great deal of damage commercially, and yet before it is settled differences of long standing may be adjusted for the public benefit.

The big slump in the stock market has struck several vital spots, yet it is difficult to see how it can affect the general welfare.

And this succession of scares may be just what the American people need to ward off a great disaster. We are living a bit faster than we ever lived before and much faster than we are warranted in living. It is a propitious time to slow down and reduce expenses.

If we do this not even the wild talk of a Rockefeller can force a panic.

SEEKING A NEW ISSUE.

Mayor Tom Johnson's automobile was struck amidships by a Cleveland Electric Co. car the other day and the occupants of the machine, including Mayor Tom, were rudely hurled into space. It was only rare good fortune that Johnson wasn't killed.

Now Johnson has caused the arrest of the motorman, whom he charges with destruction of property. In his statement to the newspapers the mayor says he has had several narrow escapes and he claims that Cleveland Electric Co. employes are deliberately trying to run him down.

The company's officials hand out a Roland for this Oliver by asserting that Johnson has been inviting just such an accident; that he has been getting in the way of the street cars for some time, causing annoyance to the crews and disarrangement of schedules. Moreover, they are specific, telling when and where Mayor Johnson drove his machine on the tracks directly in front of moving street cars.

Really, the great traction fight of Cleveland, interesting from the outset, has reached an amusing stage, whether the Cleveland electric motormen are trying to kill Johnson or Johnson is trying to have his blood spilled in true heroic style on the Cleveland Electric tracks. Either proposition appears absurd on the face of it, but no one can tell to what extremes a fanatic will go. Perhaps Mr. Johnson, consulting his political horoscope, has discovered that unless he can create a new and horrible issue, the people will desert his cause. Such an inglorious end is scarcely preferable to being cut in two by the street car of a sworn enemy.

A LIFE INSURANCE FREAK.

The Cleveland man who cancelled his policy of life insurance, on which he had paid many premiums, because he had a premonition of death and was conscience-stricken at the prospect of defrauding the company, evidently needs a guardian. But what can be thought of the insurance company that would thus deliberately take advantage of its client's ignorance?

Life insurance rates are based on expectancy. The average age at which a thousand persons die establishes a rate for all. Some die earlier, while others live long beyond the average. The man who dies first reaps the greatest direct benefit from his insurance, while the man who lives longest receives his compensation in that fact. That the company may be protected from loss, the level premium rate is loaded to meet the expenses incident to the business, to provide a reserve fund against emergencies and to pay interest on the capital invested.

The company, therefore, would not be the loser if the man should die the day before his premium fell due.

If the policy was cancelled unconditionally and the policy holder did not accept its surrender value in cash or paid up insurance, then he defrauded himself or his beneficiary and should be entitled to recover. At any rate, he has an entirely wrong conception of life insurance principles. But, really, what a snap it would be for the companies if all policy holders were to entertain similar views, and be as strong on conscience as is this man from Cleveland!

THE FOLLY OF CAPITAL.

Lord Welby's comments on the Rockefeller "panic" interview are not flattering to the oil man. This distinguished English authority sees nothing in present conditions of an extremely alarming nature. He does not question the truth of Rockefeller's statement concerning the 7 per cent loan. "Getting down to bedrock," he says, "it simply means that the demand for money is greater than the supply." And adds: "I think the present situation will right itself. We must economize. Retrenchment all round is the only remedy, and when the demand approximates more closely to the supply, there will be no need to talk of 'runaway policies.'"

But Lord Welby's diagnosis will not satisfy the men who are back of the Rockefeller opinion. They want the country to regard the situation as they regard it. The administration has been putting a curb on their methods. At first they laughed. The Roosevelt policy was a bluff, a play to the galleries. The President would soon weary of it, and then they could go on in the old way unmolested.

But with every fresh attack by the government on trust methods, these frenzied financiers who had been gathering enormous dividends from a patient public, became alarmed. The President was running amuck. He was rushing the nation on the rocks of commercial disaster. Unless he switched his policy and quit interfering with business, as they interpret "business," the country would go to the dogs.

These men are mistaken if they think they can stampede the people away from the President. Public opinion was slow to array itself against the objectionable trusts. It was not to be believed that managers of vast properties who attended church regularly and paraded their commercial integrity with much ostentation, would combine in defiance of law to plunder the people. Yet the department of justice, once proceedings were well under way, had little difficulty in accumulating evidence of a startling nature. It is no secret that the investigators themselves were astounded at the extent of the illegal operations and more astounded to find that the iniquities involved men who hitherto had been held in the highest esteem. And these revelations, supported by unimpeachable testimony, have convinced the people that President Roosevelt is prosecuting a reform for their benefit.

How far men like Rockefeller will go in their plan to alarm the country it is not within our province to say, but it would seem they must see the danger to themselves and subside. If they prefer radicalism rather than return to sane business methods, they are pursuing the right course, for as sure as they do not early manifest a disposition to reform, the people will demand an extreme that may mean government ownership, and this is more to be feared than government regulation. We can avoid such an undesirable outcome only by pulling together for a square deal.

SHIPPEY SURPRISES CHICAGO.

Chief Shippey, of the Chicago police department, is taking unusual steps to preserve the peace of that city during the telegraphers' strike, and his attitude is in such marked contrast to that of ex-Chief Collins during the teamsters' strike as to merit attention.

Shippey's orders to the heads of the department are couched in the following language: "The stopping of persons in the congested loop district by strikers or other persons I consider a diversion tending toward a breach of the peace, and I therefore consider even peaceful picketing against the best interests of the community. I have ordered the same stopped by the department, holding that a man who wishes to stop work and strike has a perfect right to do so, and the man who wishes to work has a constitutional right to do so; and I consider it my duty and that of every member of the police department to afford him such protection as is necessary."

Chief Shippey, having been criticised for issuing such an order before any disposition toward violence or intimidation had been shown, replied that it was a precaution and in no wise interfered with the peaceful pursuits of the strikers. His attitude in regard to picketing is in harmony with the opinion of many judges, one of whom only recently declared that such a thing as "peaceful picketing" was unknown. Even admitting that the honest intention of the pickets is to use persuasion and not force, they act as a nucleus to a crowd, many of whom need only the opportunity to start trouble.

There is little doubt that had Collins been equally prompt in dealing with the turbulent teamsters at the first outbreak, Chicago would have been spared the riot and blood shed that quickly followed the soon as the lawless element learned that the police department had adopted a non-interfering policy.

The striking telegraphers will greatly strengthen their cause if they co-operate with Chief Shippey in his efforts to preserve order. No just cause needs a rabble to gain recognition. On the contrary, we believe many a strike that might have otherwise succeeded has failed because the principle involved in the controversy was lost sight of in the disorder which lawless persons, having neither interest nor sympathy with the toilers, created out of the situation.

Justice never prevails in time of riot.

The Krupp heir, who has just experienced the satisfaction of being born, is, of course, too young to understand that The Hague peace conference is in session for the purpose of putting his gun works out of business.

MORE GOOD STORIES COMING.

The Blade is pleased to announce to its readers that it has been fortunate in the selection of some good stories that are to appear in its columns. Following the conclusion of "The Man With the Opals," which is now appearing from week to week, the publication of "The Mystery" will begin. This is a tale that will interest every member of the family. Then will come "The Tinman," which hasn't a dull chapter in it. Other stories will follow, announcement of which will be made later. The list is an extraordinary one, and mention is made of it now only to remind our fiction-loving friends that we have prepared for them what we have reason to believe they will appreciate as a rare treat. These stories have been carefully selected from many that have been considered for publication, with the idea of rounding out The Blade's pages and making it a complete family newspaper.

A POLITICAL GHOST GAME.

Solomon Guggenheim's apprehension that this country is drifting toward monarchy, with Roosevelt a candidate for re-election, to be followed with an effort to give him a life tenure of office is not shared by the American people. Nor de we believe that Mr. Guggenheim is altogether honest in his expression. It suits the purpose of a certain class of American capitalists to deny to President Roosevelt an atom of sincerity. Refer them to his voluntary statement, issued on the night of the 1904 election, and they will shrug their shoulders and profess their skepticism. They cannot understand a man who subordinates personal ambition to patriotism.

Really, we suppose what Mr. Guggenheim and his millionaire colleagues fear is not so much another term of Roosevelt, but a perpetuation of the Roosevelt policies. They find the people taking kindly to the present methods of the administration, and if the next president is a man cast in the same mold with Roosevelt, it means a further prosecution of the campaign against frenzied finance and its attendant evils.

But interviews of the character ascribed to Mr. Guggenheim are not without their value. Like Mr. Rockefeller's recent criticism of the President, they indicate an understanding among the men who feel that their special privileges have been trampled upon, a sort of tacit agreement that every possible effort must be made to start a reaction. Patriotic Americans who approve of the administration's campaign against trust methods are thus put on their guard. They must see that this combination of vast interests is being used to break down the President's popularity. It is not so much the fear of Roosevelt's re-election that is disturbing the combination as it is that the Republicans will insist on nominating a man who will extend the Roosevelt program. Every scheme that can be devised by shrewd men to defeat this purpose is to be employed and pushed to the limit.

Observe how cleverly certain newspaper correspondents covertly attack the President whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Every act of the administration is made the basis of criticism.

Whenever the department of justice scores against the trusts, Wall street begins a bear movement, and certain capitalists who have the reputation of possessing financial foresight, predict that the nation is drifting toward disaster.

The purpose of this is obvious. These men would willingly precipitate a panic if they could, by so doing, break the bond between the administration and the people. They know that if they can start a stampede among the voters, the next President w... be the opposite of Roosevelt in all the particulars which offend the class of special privileges. But conditions are not propitious. The people thus far have refused to stampede. Their faith in Roosevelt is unshaken and the open hostility of the frenzied financiers is strengthening rather than weakening this faith.

COST OF AN ENGLISH GIRL

London Cor. New York Sun.

The discussion of the cost of bringing up children, which was mentioned in Saturday's dispatches to the Sun, continues to go on in a lively manner. The most conspicuous contribution today is the experience of a woman whose eldest daughter was presented at court this year. Her statement deals with a girl reared in such a home as that of the Earl and Oxford boy described on Saturday and represents that the daughter cost her parents in 20 years the grand total of £7,400, an average of £370 yearly.

The details show she cost £220 yearly for the first eight years, £280 for the next six years, while in her sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth years her annual cost was £470. The mother adds that her nineteenth and part of her twentieth year were spent in Paris and Dresden at a cost of about £750. The statement continues:

"I then took a house in London for the season in order that she might be brought out and presented at court, an essential part of her education. I paid a dressmaker and milliner on her season account £580; a jeweler, £340; a shoemaker, £75; a coiffeur, £46, and in entertaining on her account, probably £500."

Time to Fly.

Chicago News.

The trust magnate leaped up from the banquet table and made a dive for his 10-miles-an-hour automobile.

"Hold on!" cried the astonished toastmaster. "Won't you wait for us to serve the dessert?"

"No," replied the nervous magnate; "I just saw a suspicious face loom up at the window. The next thing served will be a process."

And telling his chauffeur to put on full speed, the wealthy fugitive headed for the next state.

Clad to Be in the Class.

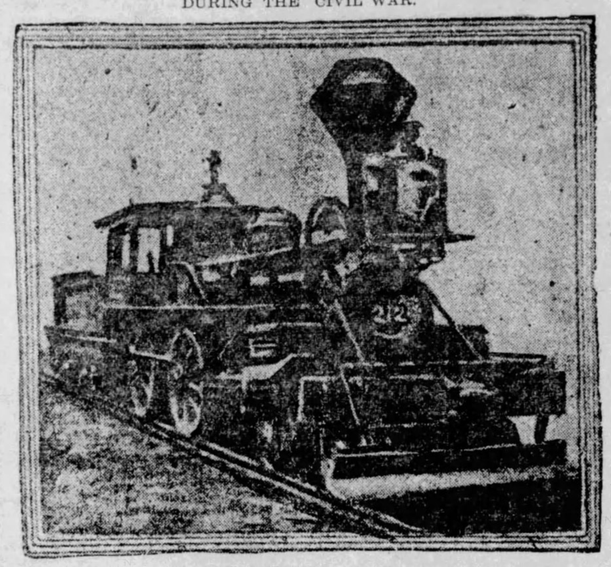
Washington Herald.

"Well, if you were ordered to cough up $20,240,000 while the sheriff waited, you'd feel kind of peevish, too," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Not at all; we'd feel immensely flattered.

What strikes the London Spectator as being among the things that are most extremely funny are Mark Twain's stories of his editing an agricultural paper; of how, in the columns of that paper, by advising that "turnips should never be pulled; it injures them. It is better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree;" and of his putting forth the information that the guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it."

A Famous Old Engine

"THE TEXAS" CHASED ANDREWS' RAIDERS AND "THE GENERAL" DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



Worn out with half a century of hard work, an old engine of the Western and Atlantic railroad that played a prominent part in one of the most exciting and dramatic incidents of the great Civil war is about to be so ! for scrapiron.

That is the fate that awaits this old engine, unless some one comes forward with a paltry sum and takes the relic from the hands of the junk man.

And this is the fate of a locomotive that was the means of the capture of the famous "General" and of probably saving the armies of Johnston and Hood at that time.

The old locomotive is the "Texas," and she has arrived in Atlanta at the Western and Atlantic shops, to be sold for scrap. No place in a museum has been prepared for the "Texas" The "General," which was running away as fast as steam could take her with Andrews and his raiders aboard, is guarded closely in the Union depot at Chattanooga, and her brass work is daily polished and admiring tourists are told the part she played in the greatest war the world ever saw.

But the old engine that was responsible for the "General's" capture has been condemned to the scrap pile to be forgotten.

Uutil a short time ago the "Texas," known as No. 212, has been hauling cars on a branch line of the Western and Atlantic at Emerson. Of course, it wasn't hard work—the old "Texas" had reached that point in age where she could not do hard work. But it was work just the same. She hauled cars on a three-mile branch line for the Amelia Milling company.

Built over 50 years ago by Danforth & Cooke, at Patterson, N. J., the old "Texas" at last reached a point where even the light work on the branch line was too heavy. So the "Texas" was elected to the stock of has beens. She was put on a side track and weeds grew up around her cylinders and up to the running boards.

Then came a message from headquarters that made lumps rise in the throats of the old timers on the Western and Atlantic.

"Send No. 212 to the Atlanta shops and sell her for junk."

That's how the message read. It was tough, thought the old men who had served a lifetime on the Western and Atlantic. But then they explained with a sigh that there was little sentiment left nowadays in this busy, money-getting, commercial life.

So the old engine that Captain W. A. Fuller, the conductor of the train from which the "General" was stolen at Big Stanty in April, 1862, and his brave band of volunteers used in the chase, was pushed down to Atlanta.

When the old "Texas" was impressed into service by Captain Fuller in 1862 she was pulling an express freight to Atlanta. The "General," with the Andrews raiders on board had passed her some time before at terrific speed.

The "Texas" demonstrated, however, that even by running backwards and pushing along freight cars that the raiders had turned loose from their engine, the "General" could be overhauled. It was Peter Bracken who handled the throttle of the "Texas" on that famous run from Adairsville to the point where the "General" was recapteured. Fleming Cox was his fireman and Alonzo Martin did the wood passing. The same old throttle that Peter Bracken pulled wide open is still on the "Texas." The same old driving wheels that turned so rapidly and the same old-fashioned pump that shot water into her biolers is in position. Even the old bell is in place. In fact, the "Texas," as she is waiting for the junk pile, stands today just as she was in April, 1862, except for a new boiler that M. L. Collier put in in 1875 and for the smoke stack which was substituted for the old wood-burning type.

"I hate to see her go to the scrap pile," said M. L. Collier, master mechanic of the Western and Atlantic shops. And he gazed pathetically at the old engine as if the "Texas" might be a member of his family.

"The 'Texas' and I have been with the road a long time and when she goes it makes me think my time has come. That old engine saved the armies of Johnston and Hood from having their supplies cut off. The 'General' has a place of honor, but the poor old 'Texas' is worn out and she must go the way of other old engines."

Who will save her?—Atlanta Georgian.

OPPOSITION TO TROUSERS

Wearers, Many People Believed, Could Not Be Religious.

The modern system of wearing trousers was taken from the military dress introduced into the army by the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular war.

In early days these were known as "Wellington trousers" after the duke. When they were coming into general use at the commencement of the nineteenth century the religious world and the fashionable were most determined in their opposition. A clause in the original trust deed, dated 1820, of a Sheffield Nonconformist chapel provided that "under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers."

But this was not all. Some doubts were expressed in many quarters concerning the question whether a man could be religious and appear in trousers. One of the founders of the Primitive Methodist body remarked to a colleague in the ministry "that trousers wear, beer drinking, so-and-so will never get to heaven."

Father Reece, a famous Methodist minister, twice president of the conference (born in 1765, died in 1850), could not be induced to adopt trousers, and among the Methodists was the last to follow popular fashion in this respect.—Chambers' Journal.

Manila Rope.

A Manila rope, properly laid and lubricated, is as strong, weight for weight, as steel; that is, a steel rod weighs about eight times as much as a manila rope of the same diameter, and has about eight times the strength, the strengths being proportioned to the weights. When used for transmission purposes it has been found that a manila rope one inch in diameter is equal to a double leather belt two five-eighth inches in width, so that three such ropes are very nearly equal to an eight-inch double belt. A two-inch rope, says Cassier's Magazine, will transmit as much power as a ten-inch leather belt, while the loss from stiffness and creep are estimated as only about one-half with the rope what they are with the belt.

NEW LABOR LAW IN CANADA

Object of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act.

There are three stages in the history of labor legislation in Canada, writes the Canadian minister of labor in General Arbitration. There is, first, the conciliation act of 1902, which has always devised a common ground on which both parties could meet and settle their differences.

We have next the railway labor disputes act, and I think every one will admit that that act, with its feature of compulsory investigation, has prevented any strike taking place in Canada.

Now, if the disputes are settled through the conciliation act after a strike or lock-out has taken place, why should we not hope that the legislation we are now enacting will settle disputes before a strike takes place and before the bitterness engendered by it has arisen?

The industrial disputes investigation act, which has just become a law in Canada, is designed to bring about the settlement of industrial disputes before war is declared between the parties. An investigation will be held while the parties are looking on every side for assistance, and the board, appointed as the act provides, after having investigated the dispute will prepare a report which will contain a recommendation or award. That award will not be enforcible by a sheriff's posse comitatus, but it will be enforcible through the moral support of a sound and enlightened public opinion.

GOOD NIGHT TO MOTHER.

Say good night to mother, with a kiss for every kiss
That she gives you in the loving of her clasp of mother bliss!
Say good night to mother while your arms around her lace
And your little hand is tender with its touch upon her face!
Say good night to mother, that in mists of far-on years,
Through shadows of a memory that is infinnite with tears,
Her thoughts may wander sweetly and her gentle dreams recall
The little lad of childhood and his good night kiss and all!
Say good night to mother in the tender childhood way
Before the little feet of weary childhood rest from play!
Say good night to mother when she kneels, forgetting care,
With the lips of love that murmur on the lips of childhood's prayer!

—Baltimore Sun.

OSTRICH AS A RACE HORSE

QUEER MOUNTS USED BY BOYS ON FARMS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It is not unusual for the boys on South African farms to ride ostriches. The export of the bird and its eggs has been forbidden by Dr. Jameson.—The Graphic.

CURRENT EVENTS

Hay is E gland's largest crop.

Bonaparte will file suit to dissolve ha vester trust.

Illness may have ended stage caree Richard Mansfield.

The world's gold production in 190 been figured at $376,289,200.

Three hundred girls are employed the harness trade in New York.

Reports that railway operators m strike denied by officials.

There are 200,000,000 copies of the Bi scattered throughout the world.

English woman gave figures showing cost $37,000 to raise society girl.

Widow of Capt. Russell, of Roo Riders, denied engagement to Germ baron.

Receivers named for Pope Manufac ing company and Pope Motor Car com pany.

In France the bill of a physician druggist cannot be collected if more th two years old.

In 1830 the world contained only miles of railway; now there are over 5 000 miles of line.

A Lander (Col.) man, called to ser on a jury, tried to get off by claiming was too big for such work.

E. H. Harriman in an interview Reno, Nev., says every railroad would his if he could get control.

King Edward and Emperor Franc Joseph reached an agreement over Mac donia and Morocco.

Sleeping girl, clad in night dre startled Fort Dodge with weird rides u bicycle was wrecked.

Lawyers clash at the Eddy trial Concord, N. H., over the reading of le ters intended to show delusions.

Insurance companies appoint a co mittee of experts to investigate t hazardous qualities of denatured a cohol

Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, h 21 Presbyterian churches, and at le three of the congregations are almo 200 years old.

The new harbor works at Tokio w cost $10,000,000. The money is be raised by the Japanese government foreign loan.

Plans are filed with the building co missioner in New York for a new th atre building facing Central park cost the sum of $1,700,000.

Clerk in Boston subtreasury who h forty-three years of faithful service his credit is arrested charged with e bezzlement of $3,000.

Prof. Fritz Knorr, of the Colora Agricultural College, has found toba growing wild in great profusion the Montezuma Valley of Colorado.

Fire destroys the summer hotels Old Orchard, Me., a popular reso and three men are killed by dynami used in an effort to check the flame

Five are killed and fourteen injur in Chicago in storm which sweeps o northern Indiana, northern Illinois a lake region of Wisconsin.

Attorney General Boneparte, deep criticism from many quarters, stan firm in his policy of bringing offende against the anti-trust laws to justi

One apple stump of an Oregon farm has been successfully grafted with varieties of fruit, including peach plums, prunes and even some nu

Five thousand girls employed in Ne Jersey thread factories announce the intension to take a vacation and for the big plants to close for ten day

Court Concord, N. H., limits the i quiry into the condition of Mrs. Ma Baker G. Eddy,s mind to alleged d lusions which might affect conduct business.

Great Britian and Canada will join subsidizing a translantic steamship li which will be a serious rival to t lines plying between the United Stat and Europe.

General Bell, chief of staff, returns Washington after a tour of the milita posts of the country, prepared to ta steps to ameliorate the condition of t enlisted men.

Attorney general of Wisconsin brin suit to annul the franchise of the M waukee Electric Railway and Light company on the ground that it was p cured by corrupt means.

According to Consul F. M. Ryder, San Juan del Norte, the products American packing houses are consumed a large extent in that part of Nicarag especially canned goods.

Wesleyan Methodists in the Westm ster section of London have acquir property valued at about $1,225,000 a through good investment have paid o about $300,000 for it.

Census returns show thatthe total p ulation of Egypt, exclusive of nomad t douins, is 11,206,350, of whom 5,618,684 males and 5,587,675 females. This is an i crease of nearly 1,500,000 since 1897.

Pennsylvania investigating commiss at Harrisburg sends a report to the g ernor recommending criminal and c proceedings against 18 persons alleged have been concerned in the capitol gr scandal.

The effort to purchase the John Ho ard Paine "Home, Sweet Home" cott at Easthampton, Long Island, has fail and it is likely to be removed to a n site and completely remodeled for dwelling house.

When Lieutenant General Arthur M Arthur shall be retired by the operat of law within the next 18 months, Ma General Leonard Wood will be the ra ing officer of the army for 16 years, s ring accidents.

Apples costing six cents each wh sale are offered in Covent Garden m ket, London. They come from Tasma and are said to be the largest apples grown. They are equal in size to small English melon.

It is estimated that 21,000,000 acres available for rice growing in Louisi and Texas, and the value of such a c would be $400,000,000. This would m the rice crop fifth in point of value am the cereals of this country.

Two prominent Chinese from Shang have paid a visit to Manila and plac large orders with American firms farm machinery to be used in Manch states the China Telegraph. One received an order amounting to $ gold.

The Alaska Yukon exposition, to be in Seattle in 1909, is to be located on U versity Heights; the buildings and collections of Alaskan products are become the permanent property of universitiy after the exposition closes

From Melbourne a dispatch has be sent out stating that the season for Australian shipments of fresh fr chiefly apples, has just been comple From Hobart 511,000 cases were shipp From Melbourne 119 cases and from A laide 23,000.

A Parisian couple, M. Lebon and wife, who are being divorced and are viding their effects, have spent $15,0 law in a wrangle over the possession a collection of postage stamps. An ex is to be engaged to divide the colle equitably.

The revision of the great Koreon cy pedia called Munhou Pigo, which was dered by the government some mon ago, is now completed, and it consists an edition of 29 volumes, which will published at an expense of 47,500 y Korean Daily News.

Vice Consul General John Mueller, St. Petersburg, reports that during years 1907-1908, opening in November, an exposition of Russian rural (home) dustry will be held in that city, inc ing sections for foreign productions this character, as well as those of Ir trial art.

A feat requiring nerves of steel performed at Leicester, England, by Lydia Akers, the 15-year-old daughter a builder. She climbed 150 feet to the of a chimney which is being built, then, to the horror of the crowd wh had gathered below, she calmly ceeded to walk round the edge of scaffolding.

One of the officials of the Indian of at Washington was visiting a rese tion in Montana when a certain chief vited him to attend the wedding of Indian's daughter. The Indian office was, to his regret, unable to be pre at the festivities, but the Indian lat ally described the function subsequen in order to indicate what the agent missed: "Five dogs," said the chief, plenty pie."

Touched a Sore Spot.

"Sorry, sir," telephoned the butch "but we are just out of sirloin. don't your wife order you a roast

"W-hat's that?" exploded Harker the other end of the line.

"I say, why don't your wife or you a round?"

"Why don't my wife order around? Great Caesar, man, that is she does—order me around from mo ing until night. If you were nea I'd—"

But the startled butcher hung up receiver and fled.—Chicago Daily N

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

No. 1450—Misses' and Girls' Kimono Wrapper or Sack. All sorts of pretty fabrics are made up into wrappers and sacks of this sort. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

No. 1951—Ladies' Shirt Waist. This is a smart style of shirtwaist for linens or any kind of the fashionable shirting silks or woolens. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1952—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Made of china silk, either flowered or plain or in challis it would be appropriate, 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

No. 1474—Misses' Shirt Waist. The model here illustrated is made of fine handkerchief linen. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1349—Misses' Shirt Waist. White and colored thin goods are equally suited to this waist. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1923—Girls' Jumper Dress. In cheap "unions," half linen and half cotton, it would be a dainty model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1641—Childs' Dress. To wear with or without a guimpe, this is a charming little frock for party, school or home wear. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

No. 1622—Misses' Skirt. Sheer goods of all sorts, also softly falling silks and woolens are made up into this style. 3 sizes 13 to 17 years.

No. 1520—Ladies' Skirt. Cloths voiles, serges, and all sorts of novelty silks and suitings will be seen in this style. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

No. 1820—Child's Dress. For any of the washable silks this is an excellent model 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

No. 1556—Girls' Dress. A smart little dress for plaids or checks or for plain or mixed goods is here illustrated. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1822—Misses' Jumper. If made in linen, it will be found an excellent fashion for frequent laundering. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1833—Ladies' One-Piece Apron, and Cuff. In strong muslin for ordinary wear or of cambric for special occasions this is a very neat model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

No. 1844—Misses' Jacket. In white or gray, or ecru chevlot or cloth, this would be an excellent model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1997—Ladies' Jumper Jacket. It may properly be utilized with a matching skirt, in serge, Panama or voile. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

No. 1467—Ladies' Four-Gored Circular Skirt. Tailor-made in cloth, silk or cotton goods this is a charming skirt. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 1817—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt. If made in wool material, voile, nun's velling, serge, cashmere or etamine, it would be found most suitable. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 1559—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A simple style that will be popular for silks, flannels, linens, and all sorts of shirtings is here portrayed. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1490—Misses' Shirt Waist. The Fritzi Scheff waist is a smart and dressy style for school or afternoon wear and usually matches the skirt. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1846—Child's Box Reefer. This model would answer equally well for a summer coat of linen or mohair at seashore or mountains. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

No. 1789—Child's One-Piece Apron. All sorts of serviceable and dainty materials are available for these protective little aprons. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

No. 1557—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Taffetas, corded silks, velveteens and velvets are richly made up into these skirts. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

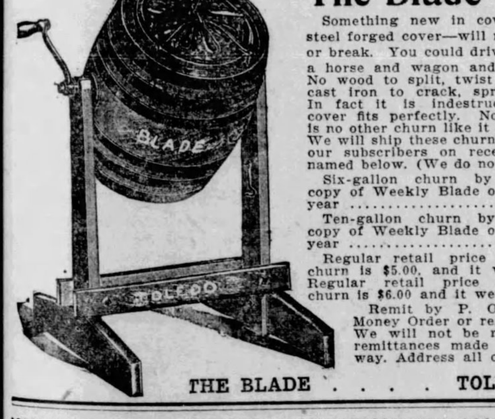
No. 1734—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Made in pique, linen, madras or flannel, this is a very serviceable model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1877—Ladies' Jumper. A very good model is here shown for pretty summer foulards. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

No. 1968—Ladies' Tea Gown or Wrapper. It may be made of Habutai, silk, taffetas, nun's veiling or cotton voile. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

The Blade Churn



Something new in covers. A drop steel forged cover—will not split, warp or break. You could drive over it with a horse and wagon and not break it. No wood to split, twist or warp. No cast iron to crack, spring or break. In fact it is indestructible. Every cover fits perfectly. No leak. There is no other churn like it on the market. We will ship these churns by freight to our subscribers on receipt of prices named below. (We do not pay freight.)

Six-gallon churn by freight, and copy of Weekly Blade one year $3.25

Ten-gallon churn by freight and copy of Weekly Blade one year $4.00

Regular retail price of six-gallon churn is $5.00, and it weighs 31 lbs. Regular retail price of ten-gallon churn is $6.00 and it weighs 36 lbs.

Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

THE BLADE . . . . TOLEDO, OHIO

Once Thriving Town Is Now but a Patch of Tall Weeds

Wichita, Kan., August 19.—Gleaming out of tall weeds a patch of white earth, white because of crumbled plaster, marks the spot where once all that was Hukle, a town of Sedgwick county, stood. It is a few miles west of Peck, on the Englewood branch of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway.

Hukle was never a large place. Even with the oldest inhabitant one can meet, Hukle was but a stopping place. Once it is asserted, that besides the depot, the town had an elevator and a postoffice. Even proud Carthage fell, and, like the city that produced Hannibal, a quarrel resulted in the downfall of Hukle.

The city was named after its founder, R. J. Hukle. The farmers wanted a place at which to load their wheat. They had been hauling it to the Rock Island at Peck. That was just before the days of trusts. The Santa Fe wanted all the wheat, so Hukle was founded. The farmers were happy. They had a postoffice and railway station of their own. It is presumed the Santa Fe prospered.

Then came the days of combination. First Rock Island and Santa Fe "brass collars" bumped elbows. Then they began to turn their pocketbooks into the same bank. Hukle lost its agent. Next the postoffice went. Finally trains only whistled at the place. The depot was carted off eastward. The switches followed suit. Somebody carried the elevator away. Then came weeds and now oblivion.

JAPAN'S WAR BURDEN IS STILL HEAVY

Rate of Taxation Has Trebled, but People Are Responding Promptly and Without Complaint.

Washington, August 16.—Details have reached Washington by mail of the new Japanese budget.

The estimates for expenditures for the fiscal year ending March 31, next, aggregate 616,441,047 yen, of which 204,161,731 yen are set down as "extraordinary expenditures," showing an increase under that head of 111,478,558 yen, caused directly by the war, which required the payment of pensions and annuities, the rehabilitation of the navy and the maintenance of the Japanese army at the strength fixed upon as a minimum after the war. Retrenchment prevailed as far as possible in making up the estimates, but the burdens of the war remained heavy, though the treasury officers declared they could be met without increasing taxation and the only loss necessary would be for the purpose of securing funds to construct railways, extend the telephone system, and establish a great steel foundry that would make Japanese shipbuilders and other metal workers independent of foreign sources of supply.

Although the rate of taxation per capita has almost trebled in recent years, the Japanese had responded in a fashion that assured the world of their financial ability and of their reliability and the future prospects of the country were bright, although for the present they would be taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the standard of development Japan had set for herself.

FIVE MEN DROP 400 FEET

Down a Coal Shaft and Are Instantly Killed.

Johnstown, Pa., August 17.—Owing to a defect in machinery, a cage, containing eight miners, preparing to descend to work in the mine of the Sonman Shaft Coal Co., at Sonman, Pa., today, started upward instead of downward and rising to the top of the tipple, turned over, throwing the men out, five of them fell and dropped to the bottom of the shaft, over 400 feet, and were killed. Others succeeded in catching hold of the timber of the tipple and escaped.

The dead: John McAllister, Oscar Groff, Ralph Richy, Adam Kummako and Russell Hollors.

IMMUNITY FOR TAYLOR

Is Requested in Letter From Franklin to Beckham.

Frankfort, Ky., August 16.—Commonwealth's Attorney Robert B. Franklin is in earnest about granting W. S. Taylor, former governor of Kentucky, immunity from arrest if he will come back to Kentucky and testify in the next Caleb Powers trial. He has addressed a letter to Governor Beckham on the subject, which states his position and Taylor's clearly, and shows there is no trick or subterfuge in the offer.

When the communication was received at the executive department, Governor Beckham said he would give it the most careful consideration. He suggested that it was very probable that some arrangement could be made whereby Taylor could be given assurance of complete protection during the time it would require for him to come to Kentucky and testify. The governor indicated that he would act favorably upon Franklin's request after looking fully into the matter. He is equally as desirous that Taylor's direct testimony be secured from the witness stand.

WEAR RATTLESNAKE BELTS

Girls Make Life Miserable for Pike County Serpents.

Port Jervis, N. Y., August 17.—No rattlesnake's life is safe in Pike county, for every girl summering there vows she will have a rattlesnake skin belt.

The summer girls at the Nichecronk house would not speak to any young man there until he had killed a rattlesnake. Walter Simonds, of New York, killed a big rattler, and his daughter's slender waist was soon circled by a "perfectly lovely" belt. The other girls became envious and the young men promptly organized a rattlesnake hunt. Guided by natives, they went to a pond five miles from the hotel and killed fourteen rattlesnakes, which the drought had driven there.

Now Miss Simonds refuses to wear her belt.

"Everybody has one," she says scornfully.

QUIET AT CASABLANCA.

Gibraltar, August 19.—The French torpedo boat destroyer Bombarde arrived here yesterday from Casablanca She reports that all the Moorish ports are tranquil. When she left the French transport Shamrock was landing field artillery at Casablanca for use of General Driese's force.

WOULD BE "BORN AGAIN"

Six New York Millionaires Want to Be Like John D.

Henry Dexter, Aged Ninety, Is an Exception and Is Still Spry on Feet.

New York, August 16.—"Doctor," said the hustling New York millionaire to his physician, "I am all broken up. I can't sleep, I can't eat. Everything grates on my nerves. I think I'm booked for Kingdom Come. Can you save me?"

"Certainly said the distinguished specialist, with a grim smile, handing out the following prescription:

"Drop all business cares.

"Take regular exercise.

"Keep in the open air.

"Forget everything but play, and play as though your life depended on it.

"That prescription cured John D. Rockefeller," said the specialist, "and if you follow the directions it will cure you. It cost Rockefeller $5,000,000, so his physician, Dr. Biggar, says, but it was cheap, for he has been born again and is a boy, ready to live to be a hundred."

Candidates for Regeneration.

Here are some of the rich New Yorkers who need, like the oil king, to be "born again" into perfect health.

Chauncey M. Depew, growing feeble, worth $20,000,000.

John W. Gates, dyspepsia, insomnia, worth $25,000,000.

H. H. Rogers, "all broken up," can't sleep, worth $100,000,000.

Thomas C. Platt, senile, can't do anything, worth $10,000,000.

James R. Keene, dyspepsia, insomnia, nervousness, worth $25,000,000.

Charles M. Schwab, nervousness, worth $10,000,000.

These strenuous citizens and moneygetters have for years been in the hands of specialists who have been receiving large sums for keeping their patients out of the grave. But not one of the lot has tried the Rockefeller plan. Senator Platt, it is said by his friends, would be willing to give $7,000,000 to be made a boy again, if only for two or three years. Schwab, Gates and the rest are all frantically eager to be restored to health, but all are equally eager to keep "in the game." They are not willing to let go the chance to pile up more money.

Not all New Yorkers break under the strain of the strenuous life. There is Henry Dextor, of the American News company, for instance, who, though over ninety, is still vigorous mentally and quite spry on his feet.

Inquiry yesterday showed that a large number of well-to-do money-makers in this city are getting ready to follow John D. Rockefeller's example and devote at least some of their time to healthful recreation.

What Is It Worth.

Can a man at fifty-four, who is "all broken up," be rejuvenated by dropping business and devoting himself to recreation? This question was asked of several prominent physicians and life insurance experts, all of whom answered in the affirmative.

"How much is it worth?"

"The average man would give up half his fortune," was the general response.

Dr. Henry H. Schroeder, assistant medical director of the mutual life, said it was easy to be "born again," but the trouble was to get a man to do it.

"In this business," he said, "we are all the time meeting with men who are burning the candle at both ends. In insurance parlance, they are spoiling their risk, injuring their expectations of life.

"It is strange, this fascination which making money exerts. It is a disease. Men become so deeply afflicted with it they lose all consciousness of their health and everything else. They work and plan with all their might to increase their wealth, no matter how great it is already. They put in long hours, and then take their worries and schemes and responsibilities home with them. It would be a blessed thing if, when they quit their office, they could quit their responsibilities. But they cannot, and that is why they lose their health. For there is no doubt whatever that the so-called strenuous life inquriously affects the health of those who are buried deep in money-getting and responsibility. Sooner or later they feel it.

"But when one of these successful men breaks, or is about to break, in health, with his nerves and stomach out of kelter, and his sleep troubled, still he will not break away. Say to him:

"'You must stop work, forget it all, and devote yourself to outdoor recreation.'

Can't Keep Away.

"'All right, doctor,' will be his response. Maybe he will lay aside his cares for a little while, but it is only for a little while. First thing you know he is back agin in the grind. He can't keep away. He must be making money. They say Mr. Rockefeller is worth $600,000,000. You would think that would be enough to retire on. They say he is the richest man in the world.

"The successful man in New York is doing remarkably well if he lives to be seventy. Look how many of them die before they reach that age. Dr. Biggar's prescription for Mr. Rockefeller was a very good one. If he got his health back, as they say he did, the price was cheap at $5,000,000. It would be worth $100,000,000 I should think, to a man with $600,000,000 to regain his health and prolong his life a number of years.

"Laying aside work and worry and engaging in outdoor recreation will undoubtedly restore the health unless it has been entirely wrecked by the development of some chronic disease. It will cure nervousness, dyspepsia, insomnia. Such a course of treatment will enable one to regain his original expectancy of life. It will not make him live longer than he was originally constituted to live, but he may reasonably expect to live out his original span. In this sense he is 'born again,' rejuveniated, as it were."

FALLS HEIR TO $2,000,000.

Cleveland, O., August 17.—William H. Shaeth, fifty years old, Big Four engineer for thirty years, the father of twelve children, living in a modest home at 1948 W. 20th street, yesterday fell heir to a fortune he believes amounts to nearly $2,000,000. His story is like a romance. It is the fulfillment of the fancy that Johann David Spaeth, formerly a wealthy distiller of Springfield, Ill., had for his little barefooted, bright-eyed nephew of eight, over forty years ago, Spaeth says.

A torn clipping from a magazine will be treasured in the trophies of the Spaeth family. It contained an advertisement for the whereabouts of William H. Spaeth, of Cleveland.

"What will I do with $2,000,000," repeated the veteran engineer slowly, last night. "I haven't hardly figured it out yet. It's too sudden. Give the wife and kids a good time, I suppose. They deserve it. I'm too old to go in for monkey dinners and those things."

STANDARD CASE EVIDENCE

Given Bonaparte, Who Will Decide Immunity Question.

Washington, August 19.—District Attorney Simms and Special Assistant District Attorney Wilkerson, of Chicago, arrived here last night bringing with them the transcript of the testimony taken in the recent Standard Oil trial before Judge Landis. The transcript was submitted to attorney-general today for determination of the question of immunity raised in the proceedings pending against the Chicago & Alton R. R. Co. for alleged granting of rebates to the Standard Oil Co.

FINED FOR BEING SINGLE

Bachelors of Town of Absecon Taxed $100 Each.

Now Those in Single Harness Are Contemplating a Protest Before the State Board.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 17.—Assessor Henry Alexander, of the town of Absecon, has taken it upon himself to impose a tax of $100 on each bachelor in his jurisdiction. The first intimation of it came when Frank Hamil, a wealthy bachelor, appeared before the assessor and wanted to know why his taxes had been raised $100.

"Was that tax put on me because I am a bachelor?" asked Hamill, jokingly. The smile left his face when Alexander said: "That is exactly why it was put on your bill."

The assessor declared further that bachelors should not protest over a paltry sum like that "when they escaped the cares and expenses of raising families."

Following the announcement that Hamill had been practically fined for remaining single, other rich bachelors discovered that they, too, had been asked to pay extra taxes this year, and the single men of Absecon are talking of banding together to carry a protest before the state board, and if necessary to the courts.

TO MERGE PAPER MILLS

Plants in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin Included.

Options Have Been Obtained on Thirty Mills, Which Are Now Being Appraised.

Appleton, Wis., August 16.—Within twelve months the International Paper Company, of New York, will control the print paper market of the United States. Incidentally, woe is predicted for the newspapers which forced dissolution of the "paper trust" or general paper company.

The International Paper Company, with a capital stock of $118,000,000, is now perfecting a merger of the print paper and sulphite fiber mills of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan—comprising the greatest paper manufacturing district west of the Alleghany mountains—at an expenditure of from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000.

John G. Hanrahan, of New York, who successfully engineered the merger of the thirty mills in the east into the International Paper Company, as well as the combination of the twenty-two mills—east and west—into the American Writing Paper Company, has obtained options on every print paper, manila fiber, sulphite and ground wood pulp mill in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, with a corps of apraisers is now at work fixing the value of the plants to be taken into the merger.

When the General Paper company was dissolved by Judge Sanborn, of the United States court of appeals, at St. Paul on June 16, 1906, the prediction openly was made by members and officers of the alleged paper trust that the press of the country, which had fought the so-called trust, would regret it. This time it is said to be in the near future, when the impending deal will be consummated and the International Paper company, which will then control the print paper market of the United States, will be able to command its own prices. Such is the authoritative statement given out by one of the most prominent paper and pulp manufacturers of the middle west, who is directly interested in the deal, and will sell his mills to the merging organization.

Appraising Plants.

Options have been obtained on thirty-four print and fiber mills, most of which have ground wood and sulphite plants in conection, with a combined daily output of 1,289 tons of print and manila paper, 461 tons of sulphite and 865 tons of ground wood. In addition to these are ten pulp mills with a daily capacity of 194 tons of ground wood pulp and 78 tons of sulphite a day.

Work now is in progress, settling the valuation of these plants. Mr. Hanrahan and his expert assistants are appraising the mills of the Fox river valley, and as soon as their work is completed here they will take up the mills on the Wisconsin river.

DO AS OLD NATURE DOES

If You Would Keep Cool These Hot Days.

Washington, August 16.—This problem of keeping cool in hot weather is all a matter of scientifically correct dressing. This, in effect, is what Consul-General W. H. Michael reports from Calcutta, a place where the weather is even more largely considered than it is here.

Col. Michael advises wearing white clothes for outside wear and dark, preferably black, underwear. He says people in India have been wearing white clothes in summer for over a thousand years and scientists have for years advised dark underwear under the white clothes, red, brown, orange, or black, but preferably black.

This is based simply on the fact that the best course one can follow is that of nature. The native of India has a black or brown skin and covers himself with white clothing. He is comfortable in the hottest weather. The dark color protects the native from the effects of the short rays of the sun, but the white man has no such protection unless he wears dark underclothing.

In addition Col. Michael recommends for tropical wear a pith hat. The same recommendations undoubtedly hold good for the American hot season. In addition to clothing, there are other considerations, such as eating little meat, avoiding alcoholic drinks, sleeping under a fan, an afternoon siesta, and the like.

To crown all, don't worry.

WIRE NAIL IN HIS BRAIN

Yet Iron Worker Will Live, Say Physicians.

New York, August 14.—William A. Albright, a Pennsylvania iron worker, who has probably fallen oftener from great heights and lived to tell the tale than any other man, is fighting for life in the Williamsburg hospital after surgeons there, in operating on him for a fracture of the skull, removed a three-inch wire nail from his brain.

At first the surgeons could not believe their eyes, for it seemed as if no human being could live with an injury of that kind. The nail was withdrawn and the hemorrhage stopped in a few minutes, and then the doctors were astonished again. Albright rallied and continued to gain until it is believed he may recover.

During his fifteen years as an iron worker Albright has tumbled about forty times, but has seldom broken any bones. Recently he fell 87 feet from a bridge over a roadway and was bruised only. One year ago he fell 100 feet from a bridge in Titusville into a river, from which he was rescued none the worse for his long drop.

HOLY JUMPERS GET ZION

To Abandon Waukesha for Dowie's Headquarters

Details for Transfer of Zion City Negotiated by Voliva, Successor to Elijah II.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 16.—Disappointed with the hostile attitude of the people of Waukesha, and tired of defending themselves in court, the Holy Jumpers are preparing to leave the Fountain City and establish a community in Zion City, at one time the stronghold of Alexander Dowie and his band of followers.

There is a report in Waukesha that the members of the Metropolitan Church association are negotiating a deal for the transfer of the Fountain House property for that section of Zion City which is still held by Voliva and a few of the former Dowieites. The terms of the exchange have been agreed upon, it is said, and only the details are to be determined before the deal is consummated.

The Metropolitan Church association, or the Holy Jumpers, as they are better known, purchased the Fountain House from the Laflin estate two years ago for $80,000. The grounds are large enough for a golf course, which was maintained before the sale of the property to the Holy Jumpers. Real estate men agreed that $80,000 was less than half of the true value of the property, but that the church association made the offer at the right time and it was accepted.

There is only a small part of Zion City which now belongs to Voliva, Dowie's successor, and his followers. The city has become a municipality which is now operating under the same form of government as other cities in Illinois. For years the affairs of Zion were conducted along the lines laid down by Elijah II., but after he had taken has last trip south and his power was taken away from him there grew a sentiment among the inhabitants for a return to the old way and the methods of other cities.

During the regime of Dowie millions of dollars were spent in the construction of a city to conform with his ideas. Municipal manufacturing plants were operated for some time, and the business in the stores and other commercial channels was looked after by the overseer and his assistants. Smoking and drinking were prohibited, these rules making Zion the center of attention to tourists and others passing from Illinois to Wisconsin through that section of the country.

With the downfall of Dowie and his death came the announcement that Voliva had taken charge of Zion. His word was taken with authority for months previous to Dowie's death, but there were many who remained loyal to the founders of the city. This division in politics made it impossible to reorganize the municipality, and the affairs of Zion City are now being closed up in the Chicago courts.

When the final order is received from the court, Voliva and his band will pull up their stakes and leave Zion City, according to the report from Waukesha. They will exchange their places of residence for that of the Holy Jumpers and will live apart from other people when they are settled in the Fountain House.

The Holy Jumpers have not had the most pleasant experiences during their residence in Waukesha. Their street meeting have frequently been interrupted with showers of rotten eggs, and many of the sect have been lodged in jail on charges of disorderly conduct. Damage suits against the sheriff of Waukesha county have been instituted in hopes of securing some redress, and other legal complications have made the life of the Jumpers anything but a pleasant one in Waukesha.

It is because of this feeling against them that the Jumpers have prepared to leave. It is whispered that they have become weary of holding their services before spectators who attend them only out of curiosity. There are now about 200 of the Jumpers with quarters at the Fountain House. They have made Waukesha their home for the past two years. Their leader is Duke Farson.

"The deal for the exchange of the Waukesha property for that in Zion City has been pending for several days," said a prominent business man of Waukesha. "The terms have been practically decided upon, and I believe that it will be closed before many weeks have passed. I do not know who will occupy the old Fountain House, but I presume that it will be a band of the former Dowieites."

TO AID CROP MOVEMENT

Uncle Sam Will Use Money Again This Year.

New York, August 14.—Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, according to the Times, has decided again to come to the relief of the money market and distribute government funds to aid in the movement of the crops this year.

STOOD SUSIE ON HER HEAD

And Pounded Hard to Remove a Pin From Throat.

St. Louis, August 19.—If Susie Kirkpatrick knows her own mind she will never again swallow a pin. Susie has done that twice, and the second time she was the recipient of such pronounced attentions that she does not covet another experience.

Susie is the child of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Kirkpatrick, of St. Louis. She is three and a half years old and is now with her mother at Killcare Cottage at Piasa Chautauqua. When she ran to her mother yesterday and remarked "pin," Mrs. Kirkpatrick knew what had happened. She looked as far down Susie's throat as she could, but could see no pin. She seized Susie by the heels and held her wrong end up and shook her.

A neighbor suggested rolling and pounding, and Susie was rolled and her back was pounded most unmercifully. Susie coughed a little and put her finger in her mouth and pulled out a pin. Nobody knowns how far down inside of Susie's throat it had been, but everybody was powerful glad to see it.

PASTY FOOD

Too Commonly Used.

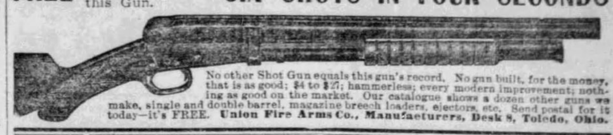
The use of pasty cereals is not advisable. A physician says: "Pasty cereals are very indigestible and a bad thing for the stomach, causing a depressed feeling and quite a train of disorders, particularly of the intestines and nerves.

"Cereals, such as wheat and oats, can be cooked long enough and well enough to fit them for human use, but the ordinary way of cooking leaves them in a pasty condition."

An Indiana man says: "My physician prohibited the use of oats and wheat, for I was in a bad condition physically, with pronounced dyspepsia. He said the heavy paste was indigestible, but that Grape-Nuts, being a thoroughly cooked food and cooked in such a manner as to change the starch into a form of sugar, is very easily digested.

I have become very fond, indeed, of Grape-Nuts and all the uncomfortable feelings have disappeared. I have gained nearly twelve pounds in weight and have none of the distressed feeling after my meals which I had formerly. Grape-Nuts food has done the work." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

FREE Book tells of this Gun. **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**



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MIDDLE WEST FOR TAFT

Editors Reflect the Wishes of Constituents.

Illinois for Cannon, Indiana for Fairbanks and Wisconsin for La Follette.

Chicago, August 19.—In a vote taken among the editors of Republican papers of the middle west by the Chicago Tribune, the candidacy of William H. Taft was endorsed by nearly four-fifths. The vote when tabulated showed that he led in every one of the states in the ballot except three.

The questions asked of the editors were four:

Do you approve the progressive policies of the President?

Do you prefer a candidate of the progressive school for his successor or a man of more conservative views?

Of the following suggested nominees,

Cannon,
Fairbanks,
Knox,
Hughes,
Taft,

which is your

First choice,
Second choice,
Third choice.

Have you any other candidate in mind? If so, what are the qualifications that should make him standard bearer of the Republican party?

Majority Favors "Progressive."

More than 1,700 answers have been received and tabulated. Not every person answered every question, but the proportion of answers received permits a forecast of the probable vote of these states in the national convention.

There are some phases of the answer, however, which cannot be exhibited in the table. Thus, there are 1,435 who declare in favor of a progressive successor to President Roosevelt, while among the 176 who declare for a conservative are some of the President's strongest supporters. These latter give for their position such reasons as the following:

"No progressive other than Roosevelt, with his sanity and practical good sense, could be safely trusted with his policies. Therefore I prefer a conservative."

"I do not think there is another Roosevelt in the so-called progressive school whom the people would trust as they trust Roosevelt. A touch of conservatism from a new man might be more helpful to the country than plunges at progress by an administration unable to maintain itself under most circumstances as the present one does."

"A conservative because there is but one Roosevelt and an imitator would lack his excellent judgment."

These three editors in three different states are for Roosevelt himself if he will take the nomination, but in the table they are counted against the nomination of a man of the Roosevelt type. Another declares "Roosevelt himself is a true conservative. He believes in the enforcement of the laws."

Many Demand Roosevelt.

The 158 votes credited to Mr. Roosevelt in the table are from persons who objected to the form of the third question and refused to name any other candidate than Roosevelt. They by no means represent the number of replies which favored the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. A majority of the replies indicated their choice under protest.

It is true of most of the papers indicating for first choice any of the candidates except Mr. Fairbanks that the writer either says directly or implies he would prefer the renomination of the President. One supporter of Mr. Fairbanks advises his nomination "because he is familiar with the policies of the present administration," but Roosevelt, as a real first choice, occurs less frequently on these papers than on the others.

Some Are for Landis.

A number of those who prefer Judge Landis qualify their choice by saying "if a Republican," but one writer says that he does not know whether Judge Landis is a Republican or a Democrat, but in any case the Republicans must nominate him.

Two writers ask for the nomination of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, although a Democrat. One indicates his preference: First, Hughes; second, Johnson; third, Bryan. This was in Kansas, and from the same state comes another suggestion to nominate Bryan "as the man most like Roosevelt in sentiments and policies."

Root Not in the Running.

Through Kansas, Iowa and Minnesota there are a number of editors of country Republican papers who refuse to indicate a choice beyond Taft and declare that they will support the Democratic candidate if one of the other four is nominated. One writes from Minnesota, however: "We don't know much about any of them except Taft up here, but we will support the ticket."

Elihu Root's friends usually say something like this: "Root would be the ideal President, but, of course, he cannot be nominated."

One Indiana editor varies this by saying: "From my own knowledge and information I would select Root first, Hughes second, and Taft third. But the President seems to favor Taft, and, knowing them all as he does, I am willing for him to choose, and his choice is mine."

Wisconsin for La Follette.

Senator La Follette's supporters are extremely enthusiastic and sufficiently numerous to place his name second to Secretary Taft's, although not in the list of the five presented. There is, however, no indication that he could obtain the vote of any state except Wisconsin, and on the other hand he could not get Wisconsin against Roosevelt. The two longest eulogies of La Follette sent in qualify their support by the words "if President Roosevelt will not accept the nomination."

One editor writes: "Mr. La Follette will have the cordial support of many Wisconsin Republicans. They can, no doubt, tell you of the qualifications that should make him the standard bearer of the Republican party. At the present moment I can think of none."

One Missouri correspondent expresses no choice except the nominee of the convention, adding: "Any of the men mentioned is good enough for us and is a better man than any other party can possibly nominate."

The states covered are Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Kansas, and the total figures are as follows:

Do you approve the progressive policies of the President? Yes, 1,569; no, 65

Do you prefer a progressive or conservative man for his successor? Yes, 1,435; no, 176.

What is your choice for presidential candidate?

Taft, first choice 944, second 322, third 158; Cannon, first 191, second 259, third 278; Fairbanks, first 159, second 147, third 194; Hughes, first 184, second 560, third 280; Knox, first 19, second 121, third 270; other candidates, Roosevelt 158, LaFollette 299, Landis 26, Cortelyou 17, Root 45, Shaw 30, Cummins 58, Beveridge 13, Dolliver 12, Warner, of Missouri, 11; Spooner, of Wisconsin, 7; Deneen, of Illinois, 10; Foraker, of Ohio, 7; W. Alden Smith, of Michigan, 7. Others mentioned are, Nicholas Longworth, E. A. Hitchcock, C. E. Magoon, Governor Hanly, Governor Van Sant, Governor Frantz, of Oklahoma; Senator Knute Nelson, Judge Day, Congressman Townsend, of Michigan; Clapp, of Minnesota, and the sons of Presidents Grant and Garfield.

On the basis of the returns, the candidates would get delegates to the national convention as follows: Cannon, the Illinois delegation, 54; Fairbanks, the Indiana delegation, 30; LaFollette, the Wisconsin delegation, 26; Taft, all the others, 160.

Taft is second choice of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, and the first choice of all the other states of the middle west.

TO DREDGE DEEP CHANNEL

New York, August 19.—Work will be started Thursday to dredge a deep-water channel through the Newark bay and the Passaic river, the United States government having awarded a contract for that purpose last week. It is expected that in about three years large ocean steamships may be able to unload their cargoes at wharves in Newark, N. J.

BY U. S. MAIL Send 15 2-cent stamps and I will mail to you one box of Spayd's Roach Powder, guaranteed sure death to bedbugs, roaches and all insects. C. E. SPAYD, druggist, Toledo, O

TO OUST MACHINE TRUST

Government Will Bring Suit at Chicago.

Washington, August 17.—Suit is to be instituted by the government against the International Harvester Co. for alleged violation of the Sherman anti-trust act. The papers in the proposed action are being drawn at the department of justice, and the indications are that the company will be haled into court in the immediate future. It is likely the proceedings will be begun in Chicago.

A year or more ago, complaints of the operation of the International Harvester Co. reached the department of justice, and agents of that department and of the bureau of corporations have accumulated a mass of information on the subject. The evidence that the company has violated the anti-trust law is asserted to be conclusive.

The investigation disclosed the fact that the parent company controls practically all of the big reaper and mower and thresher plants in the country and that an apportionment of the country is made among the various subsidiary companies in such a way that no one of them will come into business competition with any other. It further is alleged that prices of the farm machinery manufactured by the International Harvester company are fixed by the concern and from those prices dealers are not permitted to vary. In this way, and through its control of its many plants, the company is able to control the output of such machinery, the parts of the country in which it shall go and the prices at which it shall be sold. These conditions apply, it is said, not only to America, but to foreign countries as well. The operations of the company, as viewed by officials of the department of justice, are in restraint of trade. No intimation is given of the institution of the government's suit, but the delay will be only incidental to the preparation of the government's case.

TO TRAIN ARTILLERYMEN

Big School Will Be Established at Fort Monroe.

New York, August 16.—Announcement is made that a great artillery training school, that will be to the United States army what the school of Shoeburyness is to the British army, is about to be established at Fort Monroe, Va., for the higher technical training of the officers and enlisted men of the coast artillery corps, United States army. The scheme, which calls for the consolidation into one great school of all the existing training schools of the coast artillery, is being perfected by Brigadier General Murray, the chief of artillery. The next batch of young officers and enlisted men to report for instruction will be ordered to proceed to the new institution on the shore of Hampton Roads.

The Fort Monroe school will be in charge of a colonel, and each of the departments will be presided over by a major. Colonel Harrison, now in command of Fort Monroe, will probably be the first head of the institution.

At Fort Totten, Major G. P. Barney, of the coast artillery corps, said that the scope of the new school was on a larger scale than ever attempted in this country before. As yet no official name for the new school has been decided upon, although it is the impression among the artillery officers that it will be known as either the coast artillery or the coast defense school of the United States army.

TICKER FOR CONGRESSMEN

Is the Latest Wrinkle to Be Introduced in Washington.

Washington, August 16.—The "ticker" for congress is the latest wrinkle devised to lighten the burden of the heavily-laden congressman. Instruments similar to those used by brokers in quoting the market of the New York stock exchange will be placed in the committee rooms when the new office buildings are completed.

The distance between the office buildings and the capitol is several hundred feet, and the ticker will save the congressman walking this distance many times a day. The idea is to employ a trained newspaper man to watch the proceedings on the floor of the house and senate and send the reports out on the ticker. The house office building will be ready for use during the next congress.

That some ambitious congressman might accidentally have his tape machine connected with the Wall street tickers is a suggestion of wickedness in a national legislator that is purely conjectural.

CHANGE IN ARMY UNIFORM

Advocated by Col. Maus—Would Discard Felt Hat.

Washington, August 19.—Changes in the uniforms for the enlisted men of the army, with a view to making it more practical for every day service purposes, is receiving attention at the war department, just as the matter of changes in the uniform of the enlisted men of the navy is just now being agitated, and which forms the basis of the work of a board, of which Captain Osterhaus is chairman. Various recommendations are being received at the war department on the subject, one of which has come from Col. L. M. Maus, whose observations are based on his experience with the militia in the field.

He believes that the present regulation felt hat is unsuited for campaign purposes in a hot or tropical climate and that the infantry marching trousers should be made full around the knee and the cuff extended down the leg far enough to be enclosed by the top of the marching shoe, thus doing away with the legging.

NEW ISLAND IS CREATED

In East River by Company Digging Tunnel.

New York, August 16.—The tunnel digging here has added a new island to New York's territory. The company constructing the tunnel under the East river at Forty-second street, built an island 350 feet long and 100 feet wide in the middle of the river. The beginning of the island was a small rock, the first in the man-of-war reef, which showed just above the water at low tide. The company put up a big power house and installed machinery to force compressed air into the bores.

The company obtained permission of the war department to build the island, but it will have to remove it unless some provision is made by congress. It is understood that a bill will be introduced in the next congress providing for the establishment of a lighthouse on the island. The pilot association is in favor of it.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us.

MONDAY.

"Do not then stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Never fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere."

TUESDAY.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on the person and the face.

WEDNESDAY.

The glare of the sun is hard and hot;
The road is dusty, the way is long;
Shift your burden, and heed it not,—
This is the even song:
After the noon is night;
After the journey, rest;
For the wind will wake and the stars be bright,
And the heart that sings is blest!

THURSDAY.

Be noble—that is more than wealth;
Do right—that's more than place:
Then in the spirit there is health,
And gladness in the face.

FRIDAY.

If we cannot strew life's path with flowers, we can, at least, strew it with smiles.

SATURDAY.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Health in Laughter

The power of the mind over the body is a vital power that is receiving more and more recognition. This does not mean that the health of the body is to be neglected, but it means that care should be taken to keep the mind in a healthy state, and free from morbid or gloomy reflections.

Ill health acts upon the mind. A diseased mind preys upon the body. Your mind is yourself. Your body is the temple in which you dwell. Look to it that your mind does not deface your temple. Your mind can make your body sick, and it can also do much toward making it well. How many times we hear the expression, "she worried herself to death." And how many times this has actually happened.

Good nature and cheerfulness are greater health and happiness producers than vast riches. Sometime when you were having a fit of the blues, haven't you been cured by a good hearty laugh? Well, then, get into the way of laughing, and laugh often.

In a recent number of the Health Culture Magazine is an article on the subject of laughter, which is good to pass along, so that many may read and perhaps be helped by its preachments.

Ripples of laughter spread very far, the author says in beginning. Children crowd into a merry home, as bees to a honey-yielding flower. There may be but a small allowance of sense in the easy-coming laughter, but it shakes up the diaphragm and awakes the solar plexus, so a jolly family have always an admiring fringe of neighbors' children who love to "laugh, too." The family of laughers have always good health, and even when living is plain, are plump and rosy.

It takes only one at a family table to give the rest indigestion. So many parents sin in this way of bringing up children's faults for reproval when they are at the table. Did they but know they were mixing poison with the food they bid the children eat and "stop crying." Far healthier were it to forbid the meal altogether than compel it to be eaten with depressed spirits.

Fault-finding, cutting sarcasm, stabbing little jibes, scoldings and such like laugh-killers are also health-destroyers. Depression immediately shuts down the flow of digestive juices and distills bitterness, which has to be slowly eliminated with weakened powers.

If there be one more essential constituent of a family meal than the food, it is good nature, even good nature that shakes out its banners into open-mouthed laughter. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

The temperament which laughs easily is born, but a habit of good nature may be cultivated to the point of seeing the fun in common things.

The willingness to smile, the determination to see the bright side, the spirit of genial love, are the beginnings of that smoothly rounded contour which is also roseate with health and sweetness, which we call "good-natured looking."

You can smile until the smile sinks in, smile until its waves of vibration involve the whole being. The laughter is the best of philosophers. Joy is the expression of supremacy.

When one begins to cast out the disturbers of the heart, it becomes the battle of life. "That your joy may be full" was not a meaningless promise given by Jesus to his disciples. It was the love of happiness. One who sets out to put a halo of laughter on his head will choose such things as are compounds of a loving spirit. Then one finds the soul getting up on heights where broad outlooks on life show the insignificance of little worriments. It isn't silly to laugh at nothing; it is even good practice to smile until the smile awakes the real spirit.

To overcome sadness, despair, sorrow, moroseness and the whole category of lugubrious shades that occupy the seat of laughter is to be a conqueror greater than he that taketh a city.

Now, there is a good, sensible sermon for you, according to the editor's way of thinking. If you laugh at its teachings, why you will have done exactly what it tells you to do, though, of course, a laugh of good-nature is pure gold, while one of scorn or derision is only spurious metal.

The WILD FLOWERS OF ALASKA

Lida Rose McCabe, in an article published by The Circle Magazine for August, describes the wild flowers of Alaska, which live their short lives in the tundra, or decayed vegetation which covers a rich black soil. She says in part:

Few are the wild flowers of California or the middle states that have not counterparts in the Nome tundra and inlying hills, besides many species unclassified and indigenous to the frozen north.

Long before Jack Frost removes his fetters from Bering sea—for these arctic waters are hermetically sealed eight months of the year—and while the snow is sweeping in avalanches down the mountainsides, whirling through creek and river beds in mad, joyous dash to summer seas, many of the wild flowers blossom and are no more. Their life is brief as some of the most brilliant butterflies.

The flower-hunter who would gather spring's first blossoms must be off with sledge and dogs not later than the middle or last of May. Often so perilous is their abiding-place that sledge and dogs are abandoned on the trail, while the hunter wades hip-deep through miles of slush and water.

One of the hardiest, most enthusiastic flower-hunters of Nome is Mrs. Carrie Power, who aspires to do for the flowers of the arctics what a similar ardent nature-lover has done for the flowers of Colorado. That there is no place for petticoats in an early flower-hunt, Mrs. Power avers. The prime requisites for comfort and expediency are hip rubber boots, plenty of blotting paper, and a substantial lunch. As an appetizer and a tonic there i nothing to excel an arctic dog-team wild-flower hunt.

Many of the earliest spring flowers are so saturated with moisture absorbed from their icy beds that they require immediate pressing, and much blotting paper goes limp in the process before they are ready to be put in a book and tucked under the sledge seat, preparatory to the dog-team "mush" back to camp. When this excessive moisture is thoroughly dried out, the color of the flower is often radically changed, giving little trace of the glorious hue it displayed when, pulsating with the sap of the arctics, it bisked in a sun that never goes to bed during four riotous months. The first flower to greet the lonely prospector, miner, or "musher" in his weary trudge across hills of snow and ice-incrusted divides, is the "star of day." It grows among the rocks, and shows a single bright blue flower—with numerous black stamens but entirely devoid of calyx—atop a slender stock which springs from a brown stump. The buds are not unlike tiny balls of wool, while the entire plant is covered with fine, silky white hairs. Half-way from the base of the flower three deeply lobed leaves form a whorl. From the flower's white heart comes the name—"star-of-day."

Another of the earliest beauties is bird's-eye, common to many of our states. When the snow vanishes, it blooms in the dry knolls of the tundra. Every color of the rainbow is the bird's-eye, from pure white to deepest lavender and warmest pink, and in growth is not unlike the mustard-plant, the stalks varying from six to ten inches in height. It grows largely among scrub willows and in sheltered places along the creeks and blossoms throughout the entire season.

All over the hills and marshes grow many varieties of buttercups, or cowlips, and the gathering of them for the herbarium calls not only for gum boots, but the hazard of dangerous slips into the slimy, spongy tundra.

At the same time the marshes are regal in iris bloom. So luxuriant is its growth throughout Alaska that it is being advocated for the territorial flower. In shape it is similar to the iris of California, grows to a height of two and a half feet, and the diameter of the flower is from four to five inches. It is very fragrant, and in color runs the gamut from deepest to palest purple and varied tints of yellow.

A BIT OF NATURE'S IRONY—SNOWY COTTON-FIELDS WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

The climax of nature's irony in the arctics is the cotton plant. Wherever cotton blooms, declares the miner, ice is not far below. One may trudge for miles through fields of cotton, the white, silky tops swaying defiantly in the arctic breeze. The blossom is silky, dainty, illusive as the down on our own yellow dandelion on its way to seed. From June until late August the tundra is white with the cotton plant. Unlike the cotton of the southern states, the fibre is short and soft, having more of the texture of silk than of cotton. The cotton plant will, in all probability some day be the means of developing an Alaskan industry giving emplement to thousands. Today, however, the cotton fields are purely decorative—a splendid sweep of immaculate bloom in a bleak, timberless landscape guarded by hills ever hung in veils of deepest purple. In great bouquets it is occasionally met in a miner's shack, while not a few housewives gather the cotton for pillow filling.

Moving flower gardens are the Nome-Arctic freight cars as evening brings back to Nome the track laborers, miners, hewers of wood and carriers of water, with an occasional tourist. Every man, from boss to super, has a basket or tin can filled with wild flowers, plucked by the stem or uprooted with the soil for transplanting.

There is no subsoil in Nome. It has to be made from beach sand and tundra decay. Pathetic are the attempts to grow flowers or vegetables, but where there are women there will be flowers. Nome has scarcely a cabin or shack without some pretense to a window garden. They are generally set outside and raised from the ground to escape contact with ice beneath or the sledge dogs, which prowl about in summer. At a midsummer meeting of the camp's woman's club—the Kegoyah Kozga owns its own club house—the tea-table was radiant with pansies and mignonette raised from seeds in three weeks, while the walls were banked with the purple larkspur and monk's-hood of the tundra.

On the shore of Bering sea, I was wont to linger in awe and wonder before a cabin whose large many-paned window was literally curtained with nasturtium vines in gorgeous bloom.

"Four weeks ago," said the Norwegian mistress in proud, broken English, "I planted the seeds in the tin cans you can't see today for the bloom."

THE COZY CORNER

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

I wish to answer the question "Was America settled two thousand years ago?"

All myths have some foundation. Why not believe America at one time to be attached to Asia and Europe, and that a great upheaval separated them? In Gen. 10:25 we find in the days of Peleg was the earth divided. Solon and Euclid both testified to the past existence of the enormous island Atalantis, which we might suppose was America. Of course, when America was attached it had settlements of the same kind of people that lived in Europe and Asia. The mound builders erected their defenses as the ancient Romans. There were found in Kentucky catacombs and embalmed bodies as are now found in Egypt.

Ancient coins have been found. Hieroglyphics have been found on the rocks in Massachusetts, in Columbia, S. A., and in a cave on the Ohio. It is my belief that this country has always, from the remote ages, been settled.

Someone asked about camp meeting and described an old-fashioned one of her youthful days. Just after corn is laid by and before peaches are ripe—we have the kind that are known as the Delaware, and are considered the best peaches in the world—we hold our camps. It used to be a feature of the occasion for the young people to dress as finely as they could, but for the last half dozen years they have been wearing plain white suits.

Our best camp, which is the exact counterpart of the one just described in your Cosy Corner, opened August second, and "I invite you all to come."

It has been raining gently all the morning, and Penny, he is our little rat dog, and I have just made a kill. I'll tell you all about it. A few minutes ago I saw a large white Plymouth Rock come on a dead run from the woods which lie at the foot of the lawn. Before he crossed over the fifth mile of lawn he was nearly given out, but I did not notice anything was after him until he struck the yard. Then I saw he was chased by a weasel. They passed through a flock of about seventy-five queneas and thirty young chicks, and went to the tank house. By that time I was out of doors with a large stick, and calling at the top of my voice for Penny. In a short time we had a dead weasel that measured over fourteen inches from tip of nose to end of tail. Then Penny gave him a decent burial in the apple orchard. —Salome of Maryland.

PIN MONEY AGAIN.

Here is the first letter we have received in answer to the Pin Money article which appeared at the head of the Cozy Corner in The Blade of August 1. This gives another phase of the question. —Ed.

Since that all important question is to be discussed: "Pin Money for the Wife," why not discuss "Pin Money for the Husband?" It would sound just as well. The Bible says "and they shall be one flesh," and I don't believe "one flesh" means to have two pocketbooks. In the first place a man and his wife must both have judgment and use it. No matter how much a woman likes pretty dresses, hats, and the hundred and one other things that lie close to a woman's heart, the first question must be "can we afford it." If so, get it by all means.

Now for the real question: A farmer's wife should not lack for money. Listen to the hens cackle. Mine are brown leghorns and they bring in over $100 a year for eggs and $50 for young chicks raised. Then there is the surplus butter and as the "wife" does most of the marketing, unless it is a very large family, this money will provide for the family needs and leave the wife her "pin money" too. If there are many "future citizens" to feed, why, Oh, why should a woman hate to ask the check signer for his autograph, that she may receive her own? I would like to hear from the men as this seems to be a question we seldom hear a man express himself about.

We live on a ranch on which there are over 100 head of cows, and at present between 60 and 70 little calves. They are black pole angus. There are over 100 hogs, and a number of horses. It is a beautiful place, but I know this is bound straight for the wastebasket and no wonder.—Patti, of Kansas.

LIKES EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

I have been a reader of The Blade for years. I like the Household page ever so much. I like the Cozy Corner, the Poets' Corner—all corners and the middle.

As I am a farmer's wife, I will say that I think Mrs. Dora B. Phillips in her article on Pin Money, has hit the nail on the head this time.

Oh, excuse me, I forgot I had not knocked for admittance, but I feel like I was one of you, I have listened to you so long. I like your company and have received much valuable information from you.

"Let your virtues ever shine,
Like blossoms on a pumpkin vine."
Morning Glory.

ADVICE NEEDED.

I have thought for some time about asking your advice on a certain subject. I would like to know what is the best way to govern a stubborn, insolent girl. She is fifteen years old, and although she is not my daughter, I have had the care of her ever since she was a baby. I have tried with all my power to bring her up in the way she should go, but alas, it seems that I have failed. She does not appear to think she should help with the work at all. I cannot coax or persuade her to do anything. What she does I simply have to drive her to. She never wants to help earn anything, but is always wanting something new. She just wants to go about and have a good time, and she has such a temper. She will fly into a passion at a word, and smash anything she happens to be near.

I have two little girls of my own, younger than she is, and I fear her ways will ruin them. I do not think it would do any good to whip her, but I would be so glad if someone could tell me what to do. As I have raised her, she is very near and dear to me, but it hurts my heart sorely to see her growing into such a woman as I fear she will make if something is not done. —Distressed Sister.

REQUESTS.

Will some one kindly tell me how to can beets without vinegar?—Mother of Four.

Can any of the Cozy Corner readers give me a recipe for checkerboard cake?—An Interested Reader.

Will some of the sisters send a recipe for corn fritters, and oblige—Constant Reader.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

At the present date we are pleased to acknowledge letters from Mrs. E. B., and A Happy Mother from W. Va. Both will be printed soon.

Grandma Mott—If your manuscript is intended for book, magazine or newspaper publication, send it for inspection to any publisher you may have in mind, enclosing stamps for return postage. If it is to go by express, prepay the charges. In case it is returned by express, you will have the charges to pay when it is delivered. As a usual thing, the publisher of a book or article decides about the illustrations and pays for them, unless you have original photographs to go with the manuscript. Do not spend any money for illustrations until you know that your article will be published, then you can arrange the matter with your publisher.

We shall be glad to have a letter from you.

M. C. B.—I think this is the recipe you want. Am glad I could find it for you.—Editor.

One dozen cucumbers, one-half dozen small onions; slice, cover with salt and let them stand three hours. To one pint of vinegar add one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of celery seed, ground cinnamon and white mustard seed, one-half teaspoonful of ginger and one small red pepper, cut in shreds. Drain the cucumbers and onions, pour the prepared vinegar over them, and let them boil five minutes; seal while boiling and keep in a cool, dark place.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

To Pickle Meat:—Make a salt brine, strong enough to hold up an egg. Put three tablespoonfuls of pepper in three gallons of water and boil. When it comes to a boil skim it and set off to cool. Have your meat cold and remove the bones. Place in a stone jar, and when the brine is cold pour over the meat. In three days pour off and boil it up again and skim. When cold it is ready to pour over the meat. Place a weight so the meat will stay under the brine. This will insure good meat and there will be no danger of its spolling.—Busy Kansas Mother.

To Can Sauer Kraut—When thoroughly worked, take the kraut from the barrel and pack it in glass fruit jars until the juice stands on top. Do not cook the kraut, nor heat it in any way. The jars must be sealed tight. I have kept mine until June, and it is fine.—G. A. N.

Canned Beans—Take enough dry beans to fill one glass jar. Add one tablespoonful of salt and cook until done. When put in the jars be sure to have plenty of water to cover the beans. They will keep the taste like fresh ones.

To Can Peas—When we can peas, we pod them and put them in glass fruit jars. Press them close together. After the jar is filled to the brim with peas, pour enough water in to cover them. Put in a teaspoonful of salt, and then put the rubber and cover on as tight as possible. Cover the bottom of the dish you are going to cook them in, with pea pods, and place the jars of peas on these. After all the jars are in, surround them with pods and fill the dish with water. Let them boil five hours. Corn and string beans can be canned in the same way. —Rebecca G.

Canned Corn—To fifteen cups of corn, add one cup of salt. Cook until tender. Can in the same way as beans, being sure to have plenty of juice. When you wish to use them, turn them out in a dish and drain off juice. Cover with warm water. Let stand a few minutes to freshen, then add milk and cook the same as when fresh.—Mrs. Alton Fleming.

To prevent pies from running over, or juice from running out in baking—Make a paste of cold water and flour. Put this paste on the edge of the bottom crust, just before laying on the top crust. Put on a good supply; don't be afraid it will make a tough or hard edge. After the top crust is on, wet it as is usual to wet the bottom crust. Now, "thumb it," pressing it together. If the filling is of very juicy fruit, I always roll a few crackers, or bread crumbs will do, to take up part of the juice. If neither of these is handy, a little flour will answer. It is an improvement to all fruit pies to add a handful of cracker crumbs, and it is especially nice in pieplant pies.—Grey Wing.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

There is another group of questions ready for your consideration, but there are so many waiting letters from newcomers to the circle, that it is only fair to give them attention before we start something new going. The questions will be along presently.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—It has long been my heart's desire to be one among you. I enjoy the company of nice, good friends, and finding many ideal ones in your pleasant circle, whose letters have been a great source of pleasure and comfort to me, I can't wait longer to ask you to admit me. My home is nestled among the beautiful hills of western North Carolina, not many miles from the city of Asheville.

Some of you may have visited this little town and know why it is said to be situated in the "Land of the Sky."

My favorite virtue is kindness. I am a lover of dumb animals and birds, and it makes my heart ache to see them treated unkindly. Alice Cary has well said, "There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth." Truth is a virtue we should never depart from, but if we are kind-hearted, we will be truthful, for what would be more unkind than to prove untrue?

Modesty and unselfishness are what I most admire in a woman.

We should never worry if someone else has a prettier face or wears nicer clothes than ourselves. How much more beautiful is a kind, modest, unselfish woman, though her face be homely, and her apparel plain, but neat, than a fashionably dressed, fair-faced one who thinks more of her beauty than goodness.

Honesty is the supremest quality in a man. Love, truth, mercy and patience are good qualities and all go to make a fine character, but if we possess kindness, modesty and unselfishness, and are honest, we will most assuredly live up to the Golden Rule, which embrace all other qualities. I think the M. G. R. motto is a grand one, and every member should strive to hold the standard so high that it may never trail in the dust for a moment.—Cecil Lorne.

We give you welcome, with pleasure.

How is it Naoma has never seen an M. G. R. letter from Iowa? There are several members here, are there not? I do not come very often, but I have been a member for many years. We welcome Naoma and hope she will come often from her corner. I should love to stand with her on the high bluff and see three states.

We hope Arbutus will come often and write a little longer letter. I think they would be so interesting.

Mother of Six, come soon again.—Otach.

All those mentioned in this letter, answer roll call.

As we have such an excellent foundation for talk, I will step in this evening and affirm that there have been some very strong letters and reasoning as to the favorite virtue, but nevertheless I have not changed my mind in the least, that love is the first among the many others, for without love in the heart, the others would be either absent or only imitations.

Next, I would rather see a man stand for the right, for if he stands for the right in all things, is he not an ideal man?

The quality I admire most in woman is for her to be her ownself, and to live up to her ideal of true womanhood.

Now for the next. "People say" my temper is my weak point, but I have it under control tolerably well, and I believe I am too sensitive to both wrongs and rights. Others show me. Can anyone give me a remedy.—Hoosier School Girl.

So many new members have been admitted lately that I have plucked up courage enough to try again and hope that I, too, will be admitted this time.

I have been a reader of The Blade for several years and enjoy it very much, especially the serial stories and the M. G. R. I keep house for my father and younger brother and sister and find many helpful hints in the Cozy Corner.

I live on a wheat farm in the Big Bend, or inland empire, as it is often called. Just now one can see the waving wheat on every side, and hear the click of the reaper or binder, for the haying season has just begun. Buckeye Mary, my birthday is in 1888, but, like you, I am my father's housekeeper.

Iowa Cowgirl, I, too, love music, but it is slow work learning with only the aid of an instruction book. In what part of Iowa do you live? I was born in Sac county, Iowa.

Miss Prudence, in answer to your suggestion, I will say that I think honesty in everything is the highest virtue.

As Florida Old Man says of his weak points, I have so many I don't know which is weakest.

Most of the new members promise to write something interesting "next time" if they are admitted. I shall not do that, for fear the promise would never be fulfilled.—Prairie Flower.

You wrote an interesting letter "this time." Surely you never applied for admittance to the M. G. R., and were not received.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—If Miss Prudence will allow me, I should like very much to join your happy band. I have long been an interested but silent reader of the M. G. R. As to the correspondence question, I think the gentleman should certainly be the first to solicit correspondence.

Modesty is admired and applauded the wide world over, and would a really modest girl ask a gentleman to correspond with her? I hear "no" pronounced unanimously.

I am a country girl and just now am enjoying a real old Kentucky summer. I wish Mollie from Michigan could visit me while the temperature is almost at boiling point.

Oregon Bach, I feel rather sorry for you. Do not imagine all people are of the same type. Violette le Von, you have an odd, pretty name, that sounds so sweet and dainty. If I see this in print, I will come again.—Helene de Saison.

Dear M. G. R.'s: Will you enter a "Hoosier girl" into your columns? My father takes your paper and we all like it. I am 13 years old and live a quarter of a mile from Blue Lake. I read all the letters and enjoy them greatly; also the stories. I try to live up to your motto and find it a fine one. As my letter is getting long now, I will close, wishing you success and promising to write a more interesting letter next time, if this is accepted.—Violet.

You are one of us, Violet.—Ed.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Will you please admit a young man from the Pinetree state into your merry circle? I live in the northern part of the state where lumber, potatoes and deer abound.

As to the correspondence question, I think that the man should write the first letter as very few men will value a woman's letters otherwise.

There is many a man who could not replace a lost button by sewing another one on, that would be ready to show all unsolicited letters among his friends.

My weak points are too numerous to mention, but, oh, dear, I am all out of patience. That's the worst of it.

With the best wishes to all I will sign my name.—Dirigo.

REMARKS BY MISS PRUDENCE.

Today we welcome letters from Arthur Elliot, Leonie, Blue Bell, Aziola, W. Va., Sunshine, Princess Priceless, Sweetheart Wife, Adam's Wife, Mu Le D'River, Truth, Mistigay, and W. Va. Girl No. 2.

They'll all be published one of these days, so do not think you are forgotten if the "some day" seems long in coming. The same is meant for all those whose letters have not yet been given space.

Leonie sends with her letter—which will appear soon—this little verse:

Life is a burden; bea rit.
Life is a duty; dare it.
Life is a thorn crown; wear it.
Though it break your heart in twain,
Though the burden press you down,
Close your lips and hide the pain.
First the cross and then the crown.

W. Va. Sunshine writes this: "I received my badge all right and am very proud of it. I was at a dedication the fourth of August and wore my badge among 1,500 people. I did not see another like it, except one, but it was noticed very much."

Aziola—"Je vous aimes," is the way in which the French say, "I love you."

The String of Coral Beads

Doris, with her very best coral beads about her neck, was skipping cheerfully down the last section of the fire escape. It was really less dangerous than it sounds, because it was not a frail iron ladder, but a sufficiently stout, outside, iron staircase, built by a landlord with original ideas. It led to the inner court of the Bayswater flats.

There was no fire to escape from, except the necessary one in the gas range in the stuffy little kitchen, but even that mild blaze seemed a good thing to flee from sometimes. The building was eight stories high, but since Doris lived only half way up, she didn't have to climb quite all the fire escape.

Doris, who was an unusually active young person of eleven, was going down to her tree. It wasn't really Doris' tree—oh, dreadfully far from it. The lovely, brave, budding thing belonged to the very crossest "lady" that the whole big tenement contained. This was Mrs. Finnegan, who lived on the ground floor, with, it seemed to Doris and her friend Bettina, one eye perpetually glued to the tree. It was said that she kept her fortune buried under its roots; but that seemed hardly probable, even to Doris, who believed almost anything.

The shapely tree, with the bit of grass beneath it, was the only growing thing within sight of the tenement windows. It grew in the center of the oblong inner court, and all about it, for many stories high, were dingy brick and stone walls.

Doris, reaching the warped brick pavement, looked cautiously about her. Finding the coast clear, she tiptoed to the little, budding tree, seated herself on the tiny patch of turf and lovingly rubbed her cheek against the smooth bark.

"If it weren't for you, you sweet, live thing," said Doris, "and for that great spider web of clothes lines and my dear Bettina, all the world would be just gray stone walls with horrid, untidy windows."

A moment later, evidently emboldened by Doris' example, a slim girl on crutches hobbled across the court, smiled a greeting, to the fire-escape lassie and paused uneasily at the edge of the grass.

"Sit down, Bettina," urged Doris, hospitably.

"Not much," said the lame girl, with a wary glance toward the closed door of one of the ground-floor flats. "You know I can't get up easily enough."

"But this is the time she takes her nap."

"She doesn't take 'em hard enough," said Bettina, shaking a wise, curly brown head.

"Wouldn't it be nice if she were one of the seven sleepers? Did you ever lie under the tree in summer and look up and imagine that it was a whole woods?"

"I used to wish, said Bettina, holding her head far back to gaze upward, "that there'd be one day when nobody had to do a single bit of washing, so I could see if there really is a sky overhead. Why! I do believe I can see a bit of blue!"

"That's only Mrs. Jenning's blue quilt," said Doris. "But you're on the ground floor. You can see the sky from the street."

"No, I can't," said Bettina, coloring. "The street children make game of me."

"I forgot," returned Doris, apologetically.

"Scat!" cried watchful Bettina suddenly.

Doris "scatted." At the top of the first section of the fire escape she paused to look back. Bettina had vanished. Scowling Mrs. Finnegan stood in her own doorway silently but vigorously brandishing the stout pancake turner with which she had once publicly spanked little Adam Powalowski.

(Concluded Next Week.)

THE POET'S CORNER

The following are copies of poems inquired for in The Blade of August 8. The first is The Rose, by William Cowper, an English poet who lived from 1731 to 1800. The first copy to arrive was from Wm. H. Dean, of Corning, N. Y.:

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

The first copy we received of William Cullen Bryant's The Murdered Traveler, was from Mrs. C. E. B., of Morrisville, Vermont. This is the poem:

When Spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The redbird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unharmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wildcat stole
To banquet on the dead.

Nor how, when strangers found his bones
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

A. E. M., of Saunemin, Ill., was kind enough to send the words of the poem entitled It Matters Little:

It matters little where I was born,
Or whether my parents were rich or poor;
Or whether they shrank from the world's cold scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.

But whether I live an honest man,
Or hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,
If on land, or in the sea,
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave—
It matters little or naught to me.

But whether the angel of Death comes down,
And marks my brow with loving touch,
As the one who shall wear the victor's crown—
It matters much.

Hiawatha's Wooing is too long to print in the space allowed for The Poets' Corner. It may be found in Longfellow's famous Song of Hiawatha. The entire story was sent by Kathleen Morgan, of Lynn Camp, W. Va. The editor very much appreciates her interest and courtesy, and regrets that we cannot publish more than the opening verse:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely laughing waters
In the land of the Dacotahs.

From Mary Hutton, of Moberly, Mo., we have the song Not Because Your Hair is Curly:

I'm so very lonesome, dear.
You went away just yesterday.
How I wish that you were near,
Sweet things to say, with me to stray.
Every time I hear your voice,
So soft and low, it thrills me so,
All I ever do is to think of you
All the whole day long.

Not because your hair is curly,
Not because your eyes are blue,
I want you to know, my little dearie,
You're the sweetest little chum I ever knew.
There's something in your style and manner
That seems to tell me true
That the reason that I love you so,
'Cause it's you, just you.

You look awful good to me,
You bet you do, and this is true,
You're the only one I see,
So don't you mind, I'll not go blind.
Keep a cozy corner, dear,
For little me, yes, little me.
I want you to know that I love you so,
You're the only one for me.

Michigan Pioneer, here is one of the poems you inquired for, sent by F. S. H., of Washington, D. C.:

Oh, it is not when riches and splendor surround us
That friendship and friends should be put to the test;
But 'tis when affliction's cold presence has bound us,
We find whose the hearts are that love us the best.
For friends may fawn at fortune's dawn,
While the breeze and the tide waft us steadily on;
But when sorrow o'ertakes us, each false one forsakes us
Or leaves us to sink or to struggle alone.

And though on Love's altar the flame that is glowing
Is brighter, still Friendship's is steadier far.
One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blowing,
And is but a meteor, the other's a star.
In youth love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies e'er the winter of age is past;
But true friendship's flame burns ever the same,
Or glows but the brighter the nearer its last.

ANSWER TO QUOTATION.

The quotation in The Poets' Corner of August 8, was taken from the poem Solitude, written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The entire poem is this:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For the sad, old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn to go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the worlds go by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure,
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.
—Sent by Irwin T. Gunn.

NEW QUOTATION.

Who wrote

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But it was sure to fade away.

Send the poem with your answer, if you know it.

POEMS REQUESTED.

Who knows the poem from which this verse is taken?

My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back across the lonely years.
I listen for thy footsteps in the South,
Come back to me, beloved, or I die.
—Roslein.

Will some member of the Poets' Corner be so kind as to help me find the rest of this song and the title of it?

Hello, Central! give me heaven,
For my mamma's there.
You will find her with the angels,
On the golden stairs.
Mayflower.

Will some one send the old song beginning:

High in the belfry the old watchman stands,
Ringing the bell with his thin, bony hands.
—MRS. J. L. A.

Who knows the poem commencing:

"Where is the baby, grandma?"
The sweet young mother calls,
From her work in the cozy kitchen,
With its dainty, whitewashed walls.

Does anyone know the poem from which this is taken?

Is it you that preach in the chapel there,
Looking out over the sand,
That followed us two that fatal night
And dogged us and drew us to land?
—H. P.

Does anyone know the hymn in which appears the line:

In the shadow of thy wing.
M. B. L.

Will some one give me the verses belonging with this:

A rose tree in full of bearing,
The most beautiful that possibly could be,
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
S. H. Keeny.

Who knows the poem containing these words:

Only some withered flowers,
Crumbling to dry decay;
Only a glove half torn in two,
And idly thrown away.
—L. W.

Can anyone give the poem, The Singer and the Child, which begins this way:

"In a humble room in Paris,
Dark and cheerless, cold and bare,
Sat a young boy by the window,
Singing low, a plaintive air."

The old poem, of which the following is the first verse, is wanted:

A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green.
They gazed on each other with tender delight,
"Alonzo the Brave" was the name of the knight,
And the maid was the fair Imogene.

Will someone give me the words of the song which, I think, is entitled The Old Arm Chair. It runs something like this:

O, my grandmother, she, at the age of eighty-three,
One day in May, was taken ill and died,
And when she was dead, of course the will was read
By the lawyer, while we all stood by his side.
To my brother it was found she had left a hundred pound,
And the same unto my sister, I declare.
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, you see,
She has left to you the old arm chair.
Luna A. Marsh.

Other poems wanted are: The Wind Across the Wheat; The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck, and The Dying Nun.

Among the songs wanted are Little Nell of Narragansett Bay and Weary of Earth.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Please do not send in requests for verse about criminals or "awful fates." We do not wish to print them.

An interesting item gleaned from lately received letters, is this:

In The Poets' Corner I found the request for the poem, "The Rose." I have it in Noah Webster's "spelling book" which was issued A. D. 1817, (the book in which I was taught to read, I am now eighty years old. I copy and send it to yop, hoping it will be satisfactory.
Yours Truly
Mrs. Amelia B. Crane.

M. A. B., of Navarre: Thank you for your offer. You have probably observed that a verse of Hiawatha's Wooing is printed in this week's issue of The Blade, but we appreciate your courtesy just the same.

M. E. G.: Send the poem you refer to. We will print it if possible, if not it will be returned to you in such shape that you can preserve it.

DISCONTENT.
Francis Black.

When will this waiting end,
And truth be truth, indeed,
Told by saint or sage,
Or just by even me?
I grow impatient of delay,
Yet God is not to blame,
'Cause He did well his part,
'Twas I who did not come
Up to the standard for me set,
By Him, my Father and my King.
Consult the stars for all your aid,
Knowing you cannot fail.
To draw down all the comfort
Promised ever to prevail,
For those who will but trust in Him
With faith that wavereth not,
The truth will ever conquer,
So why this discontent?

PORTS HAVE INCREASED 100 PER CENT

ce 1899, Being Largely Due to Advance in Price Abroad of Article Imported.

shington, August 16.—The apparent se of more than 100 per cent in ts in the United States since 1899 to be largely due to an advance es abroad of the articles imported. there has been more or less actual se in the quantity imported of most principal articles forming the im- rade, an analysis just being made bureau of statistics of that trade compared with that of 1899 indi- that the increase in the total value orts is largely due to advance in of the principal articles forming lk of importation into the United

analysis, which is being made of imports and exports, includes article imported or exported in the quantity as well as the value ted in the monthly returns made Bureau of Statistics and of which erage valuation per unit of quan- an thus be determined by di- stated quantity into stated A comparison of the im- nd export prices per unit of quan- 1907 with those of the earlier years gives an opportunity to determine t extent the increase in total value orts or exports is due to increased ities, on the one hand, or to ad- in prices on the other.

e the number of articles forming 1,400 million dollars' worth of ndise imported in the fiscal year so great that a study of prices of ould not be made within a reason- limit of space, it is practicable to are prices for a few of the most im- t of the articles imported. This rison of the figures for 1907 is made those for 1899, that year being se- first, because imports have almost y doubled in value since that time, second, because the fiscal year 1899 sufficiently distant from the enact- of the tariff law of 1897 to be con- d as fairly normal in its import and not affected, as were the im- of immediately preceding years, by es, actual or prospective, in rates

the total value of merchandise ed in 1907 was $1,434,421,425, against 9 in 1899, it is practicable to find great articles which aggregate ally one-half of this enormous In the great group foodstuffs, four s—sugar, coffee, tea and cacao—aggregate practically 200 million dollars in value in the imports of 1907, and in the two groups raw materials for use in manufacturing, a dozen great articles aggregate nearly 500 million dollars in value, this dozen articles being hides and skins, silk, rubber, wool, fibers, copper, tin, tobacco, cotton, lumber, pig iron and nitrate of soda.

With all of these sixteen great articles, aggregating in value nearly one-half of the total imports, it is practicable to compare quantities, values, and prices of goods imported in 1907 with those of 1899, the year in which import values were slightly less than one-half of those of 1907.

Taking the four principal articles forming the great group foodstuffs, the Bureau of Statistics finds comparatively small increases either in quantity or in value of imports (save in the single article cacao,) while in the dozen great articles for use in manufacturing it finds in nearly every case marked advances in quantities and still greater advances in values.

The total value of all foodstuffs imported in 1907 was 308 million dollars, and the four principal articles forming the groun are sugar, coffee, tea and cacao, aggregating about 200 million dollars in value. Of sugar, the quantity imported in 1907 was 4,391,000,000 pounds and in 1899 3,980,000,000 pounds, while the value in 1907 was $92,806,000 and in 1899 $94,964,000, the actual price per pound in 1907 being 2.1 cents, against 2.4 cents in 1899, a reduction of about 12 per cent in price. Of coffee the imports in 1907 were 965 million pounds against 832 millions in 1899, and the value in 1907 was $78,000,000, against $55,000,000 in 1899 an average of 6.6 cents per pound in 1907 and 7.9 cents in 1899, or an advance of about 20 per cent in the price per pound. Of tea, the imports in 1907 amounted to 14 million dollars in value and showed an increase of about 23 per cent in price per pound over that of 1899, while in cacao the imports of 1907 were 13 million dollars in value and showed an advance of a little more than 1 per cent in price per pound over 1899. Thus of these four great articles—sugar, coffee, tea and cacao—aggregating about 200 million dollars in value and forming about two-thirds of the value of foodstuffs imported, sugar shows a decline of [illegible] per cent, cacao an advance of a little over 1 per cent, coffee an advance of about 20 per cent, and tea of about 23 per cent in price per pound.

OB TRIES TO LYNCH RAILROAD MAN

ho Confessed Being Responsible for the Disastrous Explosion at Boulder, Col.

ulder, Col., August 14.—John W. es, a brakeman employed on the ndo & Northwestern railroad, has been held as a suspect in ection with the destruction of the ndo & Southern station by fire dynamite early Saturday morn- today confessed that he was re- sible for the crime.

er Frank Kiser, another suspect, confessed. The result of their as the wiping out of a number ves, the injury of many others he destruction of property valued lf a million.

hen it became known that Reeves confessed a mob gathered at the county jail for the purpose of lynching him, but he was spirited from the jail by officers and taken to Denver in a carriage. The public had been informed of Kiser's confession. Frank Kiser says that during a discussion of the Colorado & Southern strike the suggestion was made that the crowd set fire to some of the company's property. Acting upon this suggestion, they went down to the yards and set fire to a caboose and from this blaze the depot caught. The explosion of several hundred thousand pounds of dynamite loaded on cars, cost the lives of a number of persons and great destruction of property.

bserve 100th Anniversary Of Use of Steam on Vessels

New York, August 17.—Shippers today celebrated the 100th anversary of the introduction of steam as a propelling force in vessels. -day is just 100 years from the time that the Clermont, invented by obert Fulton, went up the Hudson.

Representatives of the steamboat interests had sent out requests at all the shipping interests in the harbor observe the day, and all oating property in the harbor was gaily decorated today.

Sharply at 1 o'clock every boat in the harbor blew its whistle or herwise signaled, as did every factory or other place identified with ipping interests.

GGENHEIM SEES KING IN WHITE HOUSE

clares That Roosevelt's Friends Desire to Keep Him There for Life.

w York, August 17.—A Paris this morning quotes Solomon R. enheim, of New York, as pre- g dire results as an outcome of dministration of Roosevelt. Gug- eim is one of the great family ven brothers who control $100,- 00. He appears to see, with ty, that it is to be a royal Roose- that the tendency is to make a court of the White House here- democratic functions. Mr. Gug- eim insists that it is the hope of who surround Roosevelt that there as long as he may live— as is Diaz, of Mexico. He thinks "Princess Alice's" airs are those rple; and this is among his rea- for apprehensions for the future e republic.

. Guggenheim according to the cable, starts off by saying: eve of a crisis is approaching in nited States. If President Roose- can be re-elected attempts will ade to assure him a permanent e of that office. The conse- es of so great a departure from ican and Republican tradition oo great and far-reaching to be ated."

en the cable goes on to say: "Mr. enheimer's remarks, even if dropped in a casual interview, would call forth the closest attention. He is one of the richest men in the United States. Indeed, next to the Rockefeller group there is probably nowhere in America so vast an aggregation of family wealth as that which is held by the Guggenheim brothers. They control the Smelters trust. They own mines in practically as many states as contain producing shafts for ore of gold, silver, copper, zinc or lead. Solomon Guggenheim's brother, Simon, has been elected to represent the great mining state of Colorado in the United States senate. The brothers, since their father, Meyer, founder of their fortunes, have gone ahead rolling up the snow banks of wealth which their sire started. They own mines and smelters in Mexico, Peru and along the whole line of the Andes. They ventured into the mining development of Nipissing, in Ontario, Canada.

"'We do not care to walk to wealth over the graves of other men,' said one of the Guggenheims one day, explaining their policy of keeping faith with investors who join them. The seven brothers work in harmony together and have great faith in the mineral wealth from which their unaccountable income is derived."

PED WITH MINISTER

Has Now Been Deserted by Him.

York, August 14.—Miss Floretta r, who eloped on April 29 with her an, the Rev. Jere Knode Cooke, rec- St. George's Episcopal church, at tead, L. I., is in a sanitarium in

he has deserted his 17-year-old vic- she is a nervous wreck. Mrs. ah Whaley, the girl's grandmother, old friends in Hempstead that she sending her remittances for sev- eeks since learning that she was abandoned.

members of the family refuse to the affair, it has been known by e friends for several days that Whaley was no longer with the now cked rector with whom she ran

No one in Hempstead knows Cooke went after he deserted the ut Justice Charles S. Gittens, of stead, who issued a warrant for at the time of his elopement, is preparations to seek him.

ort that the girl has been found uirred Hempstead almost as much sensational elopement. Miss Wha- ongs to a wealthy family and is an heiress. When she is of age ill receive one-half of an estate of left by her father to her and her Edna, 15 years old.

e was rector of the church of August Belmont is senior warden, hose members are mostly people of and prominence.

e was married and bore a good ation. He was 35 years old, while Whaley was only 17 and still in high

two Whaley girls had been placed Cooke's guardianship by their on his death bed. The rector al- had shown a fondness for Floretta, but on account of the difference in their ages and his position no suspicion ever attached to his display of affection until shortly before he ran away with his ward.

For several months before they eloped Floretta and Cooke were seen by residents of the village walking together in side streets at evening, and gossip was heard. Mrs. Whaley, the grandmother, was informed, and she forbade the minister her house. Some one told Mrs. Cooke and she upbraided her husband.

On April 29, the day Cooke and his ward left Hempstead, Mrs. Cooke was absent on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rienzi A. Clark, in Hartford, Conn.

The first knowledge of the elopement came to Mrs. Whaley in a note from her granddaughter, sent from Jersey City. In the note the girl said she loved Cooke and could not live without him. It was thought they had gone to Europe.

Cooke was unfrocked by his bishop and Mrs. Cooke returned to her parents.

WENT TO BED WITH CORPSE

Hotel Clerk Assigned Editor to the Wrong Room.

Juction City, Ky., August 19.—Major James Morton, editor of the Hardemann Free Press, unwittingly went to bed with a corpse in Junction City. He had missed his train, and, going into the hotel, asked for a room. The clerk said the house was crowded, but assigned the editor to a room with another man. By mistake the clerk sent him into the wrong room, and the editor quietly disrobed and got into bed.

Soon a young man and a woman came in and took seats near an open window. The major thought the procedure strange, but said nothing. Listening to what they said, he heard a remark about sitting up with the dead. Then he remembered that his bedmate had not moved, and, reaching over, touched his hand. With a yell the editor rushed out of the room with a sheet over him. The party in the room ran excitedly to the office, where explanations were made.

PENITENTIARY ONLY CURE

For Polygamy, Declares Senator Dubois, of Idaho.

Urges Federal Jurisdiction to Stamp Out Evils in West—Mormonism Is Growing.

Aurora, Ill., August 1.—"You cannot convict the Mormons of polygamy. To prove polygamy you must prove a second marriage, but a law against unlawful cohabitation, if the enforcement were in the hands of the federal authorities, would put the leaders of the Mormon church in the penitentiary, and this would destroy their political power and destroy polygamy."

This remedy for Mormonism was advocated by United States Senator Dubois of Idaho in an address yesterday afternoon before an audience of 3,000 at the Aurora Chautauqua, in discussing the probability of the spreading of Mormon political power to all parts of the United States. Senator Dubois urged his hearers to use their influence with the Illinois representatives in congress to secure an amendment to the constitution under which the federal government will have power to deal with the evils of Mormonism and to prevent the continuance of polygamous marriages which he said were still practiced among the Mormons.

"Plural marriages among the Mormons are performed by high officials of that church in secret places, either in their temples or in foreign countries, and no record is kept of the plural marriages," continued the senator.

"Unlawful cohabitation can be proven by circumstantial evidence, the supreme court of the United States having defined unlawful cohabitation to be the holding out to the world, by a man, of more than one woman as his wife. The leaders of the Mormon church exercise their political power in order to protect themselves in their polygamy, and when they found that they had to go to the penitentiary or give up polygamy they would give up polygamy and with it their political power would disappear.

"The Mormons absolutely control Utah now politically, and a United States senator, governor or congressman cannot be elected in Idaho or Wyoming against the wishes of the Mormon church. They are a great balance of power in Oregon, and will soon control the senators in that state. They are beginning to be very powerful in Nevada. Unless checked they will become the balance of power in the senate of the United States. They have become an object of solicitude to the great political parties and for the first time in the history of the government the Mormon and polygamist question is becoming a question of partisan politics."

THREE AUTOISTS KILLED

And Two Injured When Train Struck Machine.

Barrington, Mass., August 19.—A speeding automobile ran into an express train at Ashby Falls yesterday noon and three people were killed, one probably fatally injured and another seriously injured.

Charles J. Root, a wealthy manufacturer, of Bristol, Conn., the driver, was instantly killed, and his aunt, Miss Roberts, of the same place, died very soon after. His mother died while on the way to a hospital, and his sister, Miss Mary Root, is not expected to live. Miss Katherine Root, his niece, was taken from under the wreckage, but is expected to recover.

The express was going nearly sixty miles an hour, and the automobile was also going at a very rapid rate. The accident occurred on a crossing, which is almost at right angles. Miss Root claims the driver did not hear the train until the crossing was reached. People on the car say that the machine had been racing the express for about half a mile.

Went Over Embankment.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 19.—John H. Hook and his two sons, William and Henry, of Lancaster, Pa., were almost killed yesterday in an automobile accident near Pleasantville. The machine was destroyed by fire after falling twenty feet over an embankment. Charles Young, who was driving the car, has disappeared. The party left Lancaster for Townsend's Inlet. They lost their way and were retracing their way through Pleasantville when, it is said, the chauffeur fell asleep and the machine jumped the embankment. Young was caught under it and extricated with difficulty. The Hooks were thrown violently to the ground. The father, who is a paralytic, was internally hurt, and the sons were bruised and cut. The fire which destroyed the car almost destroyed thir baggage and clothing.

Profesor Badly Hurt.

Cape May, N. J., August 19.—By reason of an automobile skidding and running into a telegraph pole about three miles north of here one of the occupants, Professor Howardo T. Marsteller, principal of Pleasantville, N. J., schools, was probably fatally injured. Four other persons in the machine escaped injury.

HORSE COMMITS SUICIDE

Was Driven Insane by Terrific Hail Storm.

Buffalo, Wyo., August 15.—One of the worst hailstorms in the history of Johnson county has just been experienced here, doing damage aggregating several thousand dolalrs.

In the city every garden was destroyed and all windows, unprotected, on the north side of buildings, were broken out. A large amount of poultry was killed and many shingle roofs were destroyed.

The storm came from the northwest and completely devastated a stretch of country three miles wide. Many ranchmen along the streams lost their entire crops and numerous houses and barns will have to be reshingled, the roofs being almost hammered off by the great hailstones. At the Ben Bebb ranch a horse was driven crazy by the storm and committed suicide. The storm swept in a southeasternly direction, destroying everything until it reached the foothills.

PROBE FOR ARMY SCANDAL

Gen. Garlington Begins Inquiry in the Philippines.

Washington, August 16.—Advices have been received at the War department that Brigadier-General Ernest A. Garlington has arrived in the Philippines and is now conducting a thorough investigation of the quartermaster's department of the islands. Great interest is taken in this investigation, as the charges against the department reflect on some officers of high rank and if substantiated will create a sensation in army and naval circles.

A partial investigation, based on the allegation that a number of army officers stationed in the Philippines, caused a lot of expensive furniture to be manufactured for their private use and for souvenirs, was conducted some time ago. General Leonard Wood, upon discovering the condition of affairs, made a report on the subject of the war department. As a result of this report several inquiries were made, but the evidence developed was of such a conflicting nature that Secretary Taft ordered a systematic and thorough investigation and assigned General Garlington to the duty of conducting it.

FEAR GUERILLA WARFARE

German South Africa May Be Scene of Bloodshed.

Hottentot Chief Has Been Under Surveillance Since Last Outbreak, 2 Years Ago.

Berlin, August 17.—A renewal of the disastrous guerrilla warfare that at frequent intervals has devastated German South Africa, is feared to be imminent.

Consternation has been caused at the colonial office by news that the Hottentot chief Morengo has recrossed the frontier of Cape Colony, into German Southwest Africa with 400 followers.

Nearly two years ago Morengo evaded the pursuit of the German troops by escaping into British Bechuanaland, whereupon the Cape authorities disarmed him and assigned him a home remote from the German frontier, where was kept under surveillance.

Some concern was caused in Berlin some days ago by the news that Morengo was near the German frontier and that the Cape police were trying to disperse his band and send the chief back to his home. Morengo's present strength assumes all the greater importance since the German forces in Southwest Africa have not, in two years, encountered so numerous a band as the four hundred followers of Morengo.

It is feared that the rebel chief will give the German troops long and tedious work in the mountain region of the southern part of the colony.

It is assumed that the work of bringing the German troops back from South Africa, which has been going on for about six months, will forthwith be discontinued. Also it is believed that reinforcements will be necessary to keep the situation in hand, and it is urged by military men that they be sent forward at once. It is argued that it will be far easier to put down any uprising by prompt work at the outset, than to underestimate the danger until the situation becomes serious.

ICELAND SEEKS FREEDOM

Strained Relations With Danes Interests Diplomats.

Success of Norway in Severing Ties With Sweden Renews Agitation in Iceland.

Washington, August 19.—Diplomats are much interested in the strained relations between Iceland and Denmark, which, it is believed, will result in a struggle by the hardy northmen to secure independence.

Judging from the animosity which prevails between the Icelanders and the Danes, an animosity which, like that of the Irish for the English, is essentially economic in its origin, it is probable that ere many years are past the United States will be called upon to hail the rebirth of the ancient republic of Iceland.

So serious has the situation become that King Frederick found it necessary to visit the island with his prime minister, M. Christensen, and has endeavored to postpone the crisis by appointing a royal commission to devise means of rendering the autonomy of the island complete.

Agitation Renewed.

Within the last twelve or eighteen months there has been a fresh agitation in Iceland, prompted largely by the success of Norway in cutting herself adrift from Sweden, without any armed resistance on the part of the latter, and without provoking the ill will of the foreign powers. Several movements were started. The strongest and most pronounced was that in favor of the revival of the grand Icelandic republic, identified with the history of the island's greatest prosperity and glory. Another faction was in favor of the annexation of the island either to Norway or to Great Britain—preferably the latter. For, save when prevented by Denmark, the British islands have always proved the most profitable market and the best friends of Iceland. Finally, there was a party which advocated complete separation from Denmark, save of a dynastic character.

As long as the Icelanders were free to trade with whom they listed their island flourished. They carried on an extensive trade with Great Britain and Germany, and it was in a large measure owing to its prosperity and to its unrestricted intercourse with foreign nations that in prereformation times it was a center of much culture and learning, as is shown by its beautiful medieval literature, which exists to this day and which is of such value to students.

Naturally the modified autonomy granted by King Christian gave the Icelanders a desire for more. As in other countries which are clamoring and fighting for home rule, political appetites are sharpened by everything they have managed to extort. Five years ago, that is to say, in 1902, further demands for self-government were made by the Icelanders, and in spite of the bitter fight made against any surrender in the legislature at Copenhagen the Danish government had no alternative but to yield.

Interesting Associations.

Though Iceland lies out of the beaten track of the American tourist and is seldom heard of in the daily press and periodical literature of the United States, yet it is an island that possesses many interesting associations with this country. It is from Iceland that came the first European discoverers of America, who a thousand years ago had their prosperous settlements all along the New England coast as far south as Long Island. It was to Iceland that Columbus came for information about the new world before starting off on the first of his epoch-making voyages across the Atlantic. He is known to have spent several months in the great Thingore monastery, delving among the old manuscript sagas for data concerning the tenth century Icelandic colony of Vinland on the Massachusetts coast, and it was the knowledge thus obtained that emboldened him to sail later on for the western hemisphere.

USED DYNAMITE ON DAM

Marauders Wreck Masonry and Lower Winona Lake.

Warsaw, Ind., August 14.—Dynamiters destroyed the dam at the outlet of Winona Lake Sunday night, causing the lake surface level to drop several feet.

The Winona assembly officers suppressed the facts, pending investigation, but yesterday called on the county authorities to assist in establishing the identity of the guilty. The motive of the marauders is a mystery.

TO SAVE PEARL FISHERIES

Of the West, Dealers Send a Petition to Washington.

New York, August 19.—Pearl dealers of the Malden Lane district are starting a movement to save the western pearl fisheries from the destruction that is threatened because there is now no restriction on the work of the fishermen who are taking from the rivers tons of mussels, from which only a few pearls are obtained. A petition was recently sent to Washington asking for an investigation of the present conditions affecting the mussels of the western rivers and the feasibility of establishing hatcheries.

A CARDINAL IS MOBBED

Merry Del Val Attacked in Streets of Marino.

This Attack Believed to Be Beginning of a Series of Outrages in Italy.

Rome, August 17.—Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, was mobbed yesterday by anti-clericals as he was passing through Marino on his way to Castel Gandolfo.

Had it not been for the prompt arrival of the police the cardinal would probably have been assaulted and

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

stoned to death, as some of the hotheads cried "Kill him! Kill him!"

The papal villa in Castel Gandolfo had been used for many years by the cardinal as a summer residence. He is in poor health, and had decided to take a few days' rest in the villa. He was passing through one of the chief streets of Marino, which is a small village, when several men lounging about a wineshop began to jeer at him, made some insulting remarks and then proceeded to follow him.

The cardinal paid no attention to the jeers or insults, which angered the men, who renewed their insults in a more brutal manner, and who were joined as they walked along by loungers, the mob becoming thicker and thicker as the cardinal proceeded quietly on his way.

An anti-clerical demonstration was at once organized. Suddenly one of the mob shouted, "Kill him!" The cry was taken up by others, and a dash was made for the prelate, but he showed great coolness and the police arrived in time to prevent real violence. The police had a hard fight, and one of their number was seriously injured. They escorted the cardinal to his villa, which is now under police protection.

The attack on the cardinal is generally considered the beginning of a series of anti-clerical outrages.

It is reported that on account of the poor health of Cardinal Merry del Val the pope will appoint him vicar-general, succeeding Cardinal Respighi, who will be appointed archbishop of Bologna, succeeding the late Cardinal Svampa.

SECRETARY ROOT DENIES

He Had a Conference at Office of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., August 14.—Secretary Root came to Oyster Bay late yesterday afternoon. On his arrival here he denied absolutely the widely published report that he had been in conference with a number of bankers in the office of J. P. Morgan.

"There is no foundation for the rumor," he said. "I had no conference with Morgan, or with any other New York bankers."

At the Conference.

New York, August 14.—Those who are said to have conferred with Secretary Root were James Stillman, president of the National City bank, this city, three other bank presidents and two railroad presidents. Each was summoned by telephone to meet Secretary Root. The conference lasted two hours. None of those present would discuss the developments of the conference.

THAW TRIAL IS DELAYED

Will Not Be Reached Until January Term of Court.

New York, August 14.—The second trial of Harry K. Thaw, charged with the murder of Stanford White, is not likely to take place until the January term of court.

This information was developed yesterday at a conference between Martin W. Littleton, counsel for Thaw, and District Attorney Jerome. While Jerome would make no public statement, it was learned that he probably would be unable to move for a second trial until January.

HARRY K. THAW.

MONARCHS TALK POLITICS

King Edward and Francis Joseph at Ischl.

Ischl, Austria, August 16.—King Edward has arrived on a visit to Emperor Francis Joseph. Exchanges between the monarchs were cordial. Certain political matters were discussed and cleared up satisfactorily.

JOKE MADE A SENSATION

Check for $29,000,000 Sent to Treasury Department.

Toledo Bankers Are Now Wondering Who Sent the Queer Bit of Paper.

Washington, August 17.—A fake check for the exact amount of fine recently imposed upon the Standard Oil company by Judge Landis was received at the treasury department yesterday from an unknown sender. It was mailed at Toledo, Ohio, was drawn on the Second National bank there and signed by the Standard Oil company and "John D. Rockenfeler." Receipt of check caused much amusement among treasury officials.

The receipt of this check for $29,240,000 created more excitement in Washington and New York than the imposition of a fine of that amount upon the Standard Oil company by Judge Landis. When acting secretary of the treasury Reynolds opened his mail and found the bogus check, he gravely announced: "Well, it seems like Mr. Rockefeller has decided to pay his fine."

"What did you say?" excitedly inquired an afternoon correspondent who happened to be in the office at the time.

"Why, here's a check for $29,240,000 from Mr. Rockefeller," said the secretary without the least smile on his face.

The correspondent only took time enough to glance at the paper and before the secretary had an opportunity to label the joke, he rushed off to the telegraph office and wired his New York paper that the Standard Oil fine had been paid. The paper got out an extra and filled the front page with this startling announcement. The correspondent was sent a telegram of congratulation for his great "beat," and fifteen minutes after the paper was on the street, all of the New York correspondents in Washington received frantic telegrams asking them to verify the news.

The check was unaccompanied by any letter of advice. It read as follows:

$29,240,000.
Toledo, Ohio, October 8, 1907.
Second National Bank, of Toledo:
Pay to the order of the U. S. Treasurer, twenty-nine million two hundred and forty thousand dollars.
No. 6,742,103. STANDARD OIL CO.,
Per J. D. Rockefeller.

The joke was so cleverly planned by the Toledo man and carried out by Acting Secretary Reynolds, that it was not until late in the afternoon that Washington realized the Toledo man was only "kidding" the government.

As Noah H. Swayne is better known at the treasury department than any other Toledo man, he was immediately credited as being the author of the hoax. Unless Mr. Swayne can prove an alibi, he will be held guilty by his friends in the department.

The volunteer humorists of the country refuse to treat the administration's prosecution of the Standard Oil company and other trusts seriously. The check from Toledo is only one of a great number of humorous thrusts that are being made at government officials.

Attorney General Bonaparte's mail has contained nothing as sensational as the Toledo check, but it has been full of life. One individual was so tickled with the brilliancy of his idea when it flashed over him that could not wait to use the mails, but darted to the telegraph office and wired Mrs. Bonaparte as follows:

"Wire me when you cover your secret short interests."

The humor of the telegram extended to the signature which was signed "A. Recker."

Another person out in San Francisco sent a letter requesting that Mr. Bonaparte appoint him local receiver for the tobacco trust in San Francisco. Someone still more caustic sent Mr. Bonaparte an empty envelope.

Not Likely to Be Paid.

"It is a big joke," said T. C. Stevens, first vice-president of the Second National, Toledo, this morning. "While the Standard has an account in this bank, it is a few thousands less than $29,240,000. Somebody, jocularly inclined, just sat down and wrote out the check. We have no idea of who the author of the idea was."

The check was signed Standard Oil Co., per John D. Rockefeller. This, virtually, under the laws, is forgery, despite the fact that it is a huge joke. "I can't understand why the joker selected the Second National bank," said Stevens.

TRIED TO WED BY PROXY

Man Wanted to Marry Girl in Netherlands.

Cleveland, O., August 14.—Frank Zizelman, license clerk in the probate office, prevented a marriage by proxy much to the disgust of Garriet Ringhaver, 24 years, a machinist, yesterday.

Ringhaver entered the office attired in his best and with a white carnation fastened neatly in the buttonhole of his coat. "I want a license to marry my girl," he announced. "She won't be here for the ceremony, but I can show a letter where she gives her consent to the marriage if it is performed in this country. She lives in the Netherlands and won't be able to get over to this country for awhile yet, because she is busy getting ready for our marriage.

"The laws over there allow such a thing, and I don't see why it wouldn't work just as well here. She loves me and I love her, so why not let us marry and not wait until she comes over here?"

All pleadings on the part of the willing bridegroom were to no avail. The clerk refused to permit the ceremony to take place until the bride arrives on American soil. The applicant explained that the bride-to-be's name was Wilhelmina Doolhoff.

TOWN IS SO RICH NO TAXES WILL BE PAID.

Wheeling, August 19.—Harrisville, the county seat of Ritchie county, will be without any municipal taxation this year for the first time in the old town's history. The announcement has just been made by the mayor, Romeo H. Freer, a former attorney general of the state. Harrisville owns its own electric lighting plant, and the profit from its operation combined with the interest on the town's money in banks will afford ample revenue for all estimated municipal expense, so that no corporate tax will be laid. No other town in West Virginia ever enjoyed this distinction.

SENATOR SMITH IS SUED

By New York Assemblyman on Charge of Slander.

New York, August 16.—Assemblyman Edward H. Wright, Jr., has begun a suit against United States Senator James Smith, Jr., to recover punitive damages in the sum of $100,000 for alleged slander. Both live in Newark.

It is charged that the remarks upon which the proceedings are taken were made by the former senator at a public reception held by Governor E. C. Stokes, of New Jersey, on the porch of the governor's cottage in Sea Girt, on August 2 last. According to the declaration the conversation was between Governor Stokes and Senator Smith in the presence of others.

Specific words on which the suit for slander is based are quoted in the declaration as follows: "It kept Charlie Bell, the wine agent, busy keeping Wright supplied with wine and women."

TOUGH JOB FOR TAFT

Called Upon to Subdue Marshal Collins.

Pugnacious Official Who Is a Terror to Autoists on the Conduit Road.

Washington, August 16.—Before Secretary of War Taft leaves for Ohio, where he will engage in a political duel with Senator Foraker, and before the big secretary departs for the Philippines, where he will be expected to straighten out the complications on the islands that have grown out of the recent elections there, he will be called upon to meet Marshal Collins, of Glen Echo. Marshal Collins has broken into the public prints through his strenuous efforts to enforce the automobile regulations of Glen Echo on the conduit road. In this capacity, the doughty marshal has not hesitated to clash with the justice department and the German empire, not to speak of the troubles that he has had with the authorities of the state of Maryland. Governor Glenn, of North Carolina in his crusade against the railways and defiance of federal authority, is a very mild mannered man in comparison with Marshal Collins of Glen Echo.

The trouble with Collins has reached Secretary Taft through a ruling of Attorney General Bonaparte. At the request of the Washington Automobile association, the department of justice investigated the question as to whether the conduit road was under the jurisdiction of Marshal Collins or the federal government. After consulting the statutes and the records of the engineers of the war department, it was decided by the attorney general that Marshal Collins was encroaching upon the territory under the jurisdiction of the war department.

This mere ruling of the department of justice has had no effect upon the activities of the marshal of the Maryland suburb. He has continued to "hold up" automobilists who, in his opinion, are violating the speed regulations enacted by the council of Glen Echo, as if the head of the legal department of the country had not rendered his carefully prepared opinion. It now devolves upon Secretary Taft to find ways and means for subduing the rebellious and over-zealous marshal. According to the constitution, the United States army, 25,000 strong, is at the disposal of Mr. Taft. The question naturally arises, will Secretary Taft compel Marshal Collins to respect the federal laws, or will he compromise, as did the administration in its controversy with Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.

NEW CROWN PRINCE

Washington, August 15.—Mr. Dodge, the American charge at Tokyo, cabled the state department yesterday that he had been officially informed by the Japanese minister of foreign affairs that his imperial highness, Un Prince Yong, has been nominated to be crown prince of Korea.

BABY'S ECZEMA CURED

Grew Worse Under Care of Doctors and Hospitals — Parents Tried Cuticura and Child Is Perfectly Cured at a Cost of But $1.25.

"Eczema appeared when our child was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nothing but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all $1.25, and I recommend the Cuticura Remedies strongly to all mothers whose children suffer from such diseases. C. F. Kara, 343 East 67th St., New York, March 30, 1906."

"TIME TO CALL A HALT," SAYS GLENN

"When Railroads Try to Run Us"—Government Discusses Situation in North Carolina.

New York, August 19.—Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, whose recent fight for what he deemed was the state's right attracted wide attention, is in New York to consult with the attorneys who are in charge of the state's case at the hearing of the Southern Railway company's injunction suit. The governor, who is portly, bald and in the early fifties, was taking his ease in his shirt sleeves at his hotel after an all-day visit to Coney Island, when seen by the reporters. He talked freely of the situation in his state as brought about by legislation to regulate the railroads.

"I have no patience," he said, "with this cry that the legislation in our state and elsewhere in the south along these lines is going to retard the development of the south by frightening capital, hurting the railroads and, in effect, killing the goose that lays the golden egg. I am an industrial governor. I have always made it a point to protect capital and protect the railroads from anything that was unfair. But when the railroads try to run us, then it is time to call a halt.

"There was only once that this matter became serious. Had Judge Pritchard tried to get our prisoner away from us and adjudged Judge Long in contempt I certainly would have backed up Judge Long with every soldier and every deputy sheriff in North Carolina. Of course, if President Roosevelt sent troops into our state then we would have had to throw up our hands, as one state could not fight the Union, but we should have appealed to the voters of the country and I think they would have been with us.

"There is only one way of dealing with these railroads. The point should be: Is a railroad making money and how much is it making? If it is making over a reasonable profit then it should submit to a reduction in its rates. The North Carolina law permits the road to make 10 per cent. I think that this is a pretty good profit."

Lineman Is Arrested for Taking Naps on Pole Tops

Baltimore, August 19.—Twice having brought ambulances tearing to the scene of his exhibitions, John Leitner, a lineman, who has the habit of going to sleep on the tops of telegraph poles, is under arrest in the police station here.

Leitner slept his first nap Saturday afternoon, when, as today, the police coming to remove a supposed dead or dying man, interrupted it. A few minutes before 12 o'clock today the superintendent of Timanus mills, of which ex-Mayor E. Clay Timanus is head, telephoned to the northern police station, and in an agitated voice stated that an employe of the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone company had been stricken by electricity, and that his dead body was resting on the wires.

A moment later the industries in the neighborhood were emptied of their workmen going to dinner, but nearly all of them halted, and, with pitying glances and horror-struck faces, leveled their eyes upon the still figure on the top of the pole. The man lay perfectly still, one leg was thrown over a cross bar, and his arms were extended and partly resting his drooping head on the beam above him, and the northern district ambulance was being urged at the limit of speed to the scene, while the driver lashed the horses to a gallop.

Just as the wagon approached the pole, the supposed dead man lifted his head, stretched his arms, yawned, took a look around, did not appear to notice the crowd who were watching him, and calmly took up his former position. The police finally induced him to descend.

SPOOKS BOMBARD POLICE WITH BRICKS

Georgetown People Fear for Their Lives When Missiles Drop About Them.

Washington, August 16.—Ghosts, with a distinct fondness for throwing brickbats and other missiles are disturbing the residents of Scott street, Georgetown. Their presence has been frequently made known within the last week by showers of missiles, including bricks, tin cans, potatoes and overripe fruit. Aid has been asked at the Seventh Precinct Police station. Although Captain Schneider has detailed men to the place they have utterly failed to solve the mystery.

The reserves of the Seventh precinct, headed by Captain Schneider and joined by Policeman Johnson, who is on the beat, were stationed around the supposed gathering place of the "ghosts" in the rear of houses, on the south side of Scott street and were told to watch. It was broad daylight and the bluecoats, each putting on a brave front, kept their stations.

Suddenly a fusilade of rocks, bricks, tin cans and other missiles were noted. Each officer tried to see whence the objects came but in vain. While he looked in one direction he would hear a whiz and dodge a brick from another direction. Then he would look in the direction from which the second came, but soon he would be dodging others from other directions. Finally the bombardment ceased and the policemen emerged from the cover they had sought. Although broad daylight the mysterious showers continued over the heads of the policemen for several minutes. With all the reserves on the scene the police were unable to locate the source of the missiles. They just seemed to drop out of the air, it was declared.

The failure of the police to solve the mystery did not tend to calm the feelings of those residing in the street. Less and less did they trust themselves on the street and fewer of their friends visited them. Some fear for their lives and there is a general feeling of uncertainty.

The first storm of missiles was noted one week ago last Wednesday. At first they seemed to be directed at two houses, Nos. 3156 and 3158 Scott street. The broken window panes and damaged window curtains inside of these houses testify to the intensity and continuance of the shower of bricks, the cans and potatoes.

In one house several of the ghosts' weapons are ornaments of the mantelpiece. Recently the storms have not been confined to the two houses in question, and that confirmed the belief among many of the residents of the streets that ghosts are abroad. A couple of days ago an iron instrument of peculiar design and construction violently entered a rear room of the house of Mrs. Jane Norwood, No. 3158 Scott street, and it was turned over to the police. They are struggling with the matter of its identification, but some of the men rudely suggested it was a common icepick.

TAX BACHELOR GIRLS, CRY BACHELORS

Suggested That Both May Escape Tax by a Trip on Sea of Matrimony.

Atlantic City, August 19.—Declaring that the imposition of the $100 bachelor tax was inspired by an appeal to Assessor Henry Alexander by single women of the little city of Absecom, irate single men threaten reprisal by demanding that bachelor girls also be forced to pay tax on single blessedness. The appeal will be based on what the bachelors claim to be constitutional grounds, and they promise to carry the matter to the courts unless their demands are granted within a reasonable time.

Nine bachelors with wealth enough to make them subject to the $100 tax have been found in Absecom since the imposition of the tax on F. F. Hamill brought to light the plan of the tax officials to make single men take up a portion of the burdens carried by the family men. At least twenty maids who should pay the tax have been found, the bachelors say.

The women folk of Absecom deny emphatically that the taxing of bachelors was inspired by them in a fight to force the wealthy single men to propose. Although they have not organized, individuals assert their intention of fighting payment of the tax the bachelors declare they should pay. That they are not married many of the women say is not their fault.

As a compromise measure it has been suggested that a tax of $50 be placed on all single women who have reached the old-maid stage, with the provision that the women can swear off the tax by making affidavit that they are willing to marry if proposed to by any member of the Bachelor association.

OHIO'S PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FORMALLY OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN

Secretary of War Taft Makes Great Address in Columbus.

Tariff Revision Favored After National Election—Bryan Scored for Railroad Ownership Fallacy.

WM. H. TAFT.

NOTABLE ASSERTIONS IN TAFT'S SPEECH.

The imprisonment of two or three prominent officers of a railway company or a trust engaged in giving or receiving secret rebates, would have a greater deterrent effect than millions in a fine.

I would not favor any legislation which would exclude railway companies or anyone else from a recourse to the courts.

I am opposed to government ownership of the railroads.

The combination of capital in large plants to manufacture goods with the greatest economy is just as necessary as the assembling of the parts of a machine to the economical and more rapid manufacture of what in old times was made by hand.

I would restrain unlawful trusts with all the efficiency of injunctive process and would punish with all the severity of criminal prosecution every attempt on the part of aggregated capital to suppress competition.

Efforts to divide swollen fortunes and to reduce the motive for accumulating them are proper and statesmanlike.

The present business system of the country rests on a protective tariff and any attempt to change it to a free trade basis will certainly lead to only disaster.

It is the duty of the Republican party, however, to see to it that the tariff on imported articles does not exceed substantially the reasonably permanent differential between the cost of production in foreign countries and that in the United States.

Columbus, August 20.—William H. Taft made what he was pleased to term his "political confession of faith" at Memorial hall last night. The auditorium, which has a seating capacity of over 5,000, was packed to the doors and several thousand people were unable to gain admittance. The secretary spoke under the auspices of the Buckeye Republican club and the address was notable from the fact that it is regarded as the platform upon which he will make his campaign for the Republican nomination for president.

Mr. Taft made no formal announcement of his candidacy, but he was introduced by Governor Harris as the "next president of the United States," which was a signal for a prolonged outburst of applause. Special interest was manifested in Secretary Taft's utterances on the tariff.

Political leaders from all parts of the state were here to add importance to the occasion, to pledge support to the candidate and to hear his address. The welcome he received was a wildly enthusiastic one, the great audience rising as he entered and cheering for many minutes as he stood bowing on the platform. Secretary Taft spoke in part as follows:

The present is a period of the greatest prosperity, general comfort and even luxury. Throughout this country, the demand for labor has increased wages to a higher point than ever known before. The compensation of skilled labor now frequently exceeds that of certain professions, like teaching and the ministry. Wealth has accumulated enormously in the hands of individuals and never before have rich men given so freely of their fortunes to educational and charitable objects. Such conditions are apt to dim and dull the eye and the ear of the people to abuses and dishonesty in the body politic and social. It was such periods in the history of ancient republics when their foundations were sapped and their fall ultimately brought about. Prophets of evil have foretold the same fate for this Republic. They have been refuted. In spite of the general comfort, there have been made manifest by signs not to be misunderstood, a quickening of the public conscience and a demand for the remedy of abuses, for the growth of this prosperity, and for a higher standard of business integrity. Every lover of his country should have a feeling of pride and exaltation in this evidence that our society is still sound at the core.

Abuses in Railway Discriminations.

I have been invited by your body to discuss the national issues. Some of these involve the abuses over which the public conscience has been aroused, and the proper remedies for their removal. The first, and possibly the greatest abuse, has been in the management of the arterial system of the country which the interstate railroads form.

Failure of Old Law.

The result of twenty years' operation under the interstate commerce act of 1887, passed to restrain abuses of unjust discrimination and unreasonableness of rates, was that the railroads came to regard the action of the commission it created as of no importance. The delays due to the necessity of resorting to the courts to try out the merits of every order of the commission, before it became effective, made the remedy of the complaining shipper or locality so slow and burdensome that the contented ones, it was no remedy at all. The commission was not, under the old act, authorized to fix reasonable rates.

Made aware of the moribund condition of railway regulation under the old law and of the widespread abuses which prevailed in railway management, President Roosevelt, in his message of 1904, recommended that the powers of the commission be largely increased, first, by enabling the commission to fix rates, and second, by making its order effective against the carriers without resort by courts to compel performance. He asked that it be made an administrative tribunal with real power. This was done by the passage of the rate bill, in June, 1906.

Experience has shown that the railroads cannot be trusted to deal fairly in matters of transportation between themselves and their competitors in an outside business.

The new law enables the commission to prescribe a uniform system of accounting for railroads. The commission's authority, under the new law, over interstate commerce railroads, is thus in many respects like that of the comptroller of the currency over national banks.

Great Opposition By Railroads.

Never before was there such a united opposition by the railroad interests to any national measure as they instituted against the rate bill. A campaign of education was entered upon, speeches were made in every part of the country, and literature was showered upon the members of every community, with the hope of convincing the public that the bill was a dangerous innovation.

The revelations of infidelity to trust obligations in the insurance investigations in New York, the fraudulent discriminations in the traffic of the coal carrying roads disclosed by the inquiry made by the interstate commerce commission and the disclosure of secret rebates on an enormous scale granted the Standard Oil company by the railroads in the report of Mr. Garfield as commissioner of corporations, created a strong public opinion in favor of a radical remedy against all dishonest corporate practices and held up the hands of those supporting the bill.

Opponents Now Belittle Law.

The opponents of the measure continue to denounce it, but now instead of pointing out its disastrous effect, they say it is a failure and that in the year since its passage it has not helped a single shipper. They insist that the only effective and an all-sufficient law to regulate railways is the Elkins act.

Let us look into the facts in regard to this allegation. The chief prosecutions which have been instituted have been criminal indictments against the sugar trust and the Standard Oil company, and certain railways and their agents and officers for taking and giving secret money rebates. They could not have been brought under the rate bill, because the acts prosecuted were committed before the passage of the rate bill.

It is true that these prosecutions were instituted under the Elkins act, but it is also true that had the Elkins bill never been passed, the same acts could and doubtless would have been prosecuted as giving and receiving unjust discriminations against the persons committing them under the amendment to the interstate commerce act of 1889 which the Elkins law supplanted.

As to Jail Penalty.

It is well understood that the Elkins bill was passed without opposition by, and with the full consent of, the railroads and that the chief reason for this was the elimination of the penitentiary penalty for unjust discriminations. The abolition of imprisonment, as a possible penalty, was unfortunate. Experience has shown that a mere fine is generally not enough to deter a corporation from violation of the law because it then becomes a matter of mere business speculation. The imprisonment of two or three prominent officers of a railway company, or a trust, engaged in giving or receiving secret rebates, would have a greater deterrent effect for the future than millions in a fine. In the rate bill, congress amended the Elkins bill and restored imprisonment as part of the punishment for secret rebates. Criminal prosecutions will continue to be under the Elkins law, but as amended by the new rate bill. If the rate bill was likely to be a failure and to accomplish nothing in the regulation of their business, the query naturally arises why did the railroads spend so much money and so great effort to defeat it?

Attitude of the Country.

The passage of the bill was taken the country over, and properly taken, as a most important step toward the suppression of abuses which had grown up in a period of tolerant prosperity.

Passed at the instance of Mr. Roosevelt, it stands as a monument to the principle which he has consistently maintained in speech and action, that the laws must be so made that they can be enforced as well against the sins of the wealthy and the powerful as against those of the poor.

Error of Bryan as to Review

Mr. Bryan contends that the law was greatly weakened in authorizing, or recognizing judicial intervention to restrain the orders of the commission. This criticism has not the slightest foundation. There can be no judicial appeal in the nature of a complete review on the merits from the commission of the supreme court or to the circuit court of the United States, for the commission or a court of first instance, but only in the administrative tribunal. The only power a federal court could validly exercise would be to decide first, whether the administrative tribunal had followed correctly the limitations upon its course of action imposed by the act of congress creating it, and second, whether its orders taken as an authorized expression of the legislative power deprived the railroad company of its right, under the fourteenth amendment, to derive a fair profit from the use of its property.

I would not for a moment be thought to favor any legislation which would exclude railroad companies or any one else from a recourse to the courts to protect them in their statutory and constitutional rights.

Amendments to Rate Bill Needed.

The rate law does not go far enough. The practice under it has already disclosed the necessity for new amendments and will doubtless suggest more. The classification of merchandise for transportation is a most important matter in ratefixing, for by a transfer from one class to another, the rate is changed and may work injustice. With the power of rate fixing, it would seem, should go the power in the commission to classify and to prescribe rules for uniform classification by railroads.

Recent revelations have emphasized the pernicious effect of the so-called overcapitalization of railroads which aids unscrupulous stock manipulators in disposing of railway securities at unreasonably high prices to innocent buyers. A railroad company engaged in interstate commerce should not be permitted to issue stock or bonds and put them upon the market except after a certificate by the interstate commerce commission that the securities are issued with the approval of the commission for a legitimate railroad purpose.

A much used means of eliminating competition among interstate lines serving the same territory is the acquisition by one company of the stock in another and the election of directors to represent that stock. This process is facilitated by the uncontrolled power to issue securities beyond the needs of the company for its legitimate business and would be curbed by the restriction proposed. The evil ought further to be directly restrained by making it unlawful for an interstate railway to acquire stock in a competing line. In addition to this, competing lines should be prohibited from having common directors or officers.

These suggestions of additional legislation have been made by the interstate commerce commission and I heartily concur in them. They are plainly within the federal jurisdiction.

Suggested by Harriman Deals.

The measures taken and proposed are radical perhaps, viewed from the standpoint of the laissez faire doctrinaire whose ideas have been allowed to prevail in respect of railroad management down to the present; but no one can read the report of the commission on the history of the union of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific systems with the Illinois Central system without trembling at the enormous power that one man, by the uncontrolled use of the stock and bond issuing power of interstate railways under state charters, has acquired in respect of a vital part of the country's business and without looking for some means of remedying such a dangerous tendency which, if not stopped, will lead to the absorption of all the railroads of the country into one hand.

Amendments Not Socialistic.

The contention on behalf of the railroads, that such supervision as the rate bill and these suggested amendments afford, is socialistic and tends to government ownership, is utterly without basis. Efficient regulation is the very antidote and preventative of socialism and government ownership. The railroads, until now, have been permitted to wield without any real control the enormously important franchise of furnishing transportation to the entire country. They have, many of them, shamelessly violated the trust obligation they have been under to the public of furnishing equal facilities at the same price to all shippers. The watering of stock and bonds and the over-capitalization of some of them for the profit of their managers have prevented the needed improvement of their railroads in construction and equipment.

Opposed to Government Ownership.

I am opposed to government ownership—

First, because existing government railways are not managed with either the efficiency or economy of privately managed roads and the rates charged are not as low and therefore not as beneficial to the public;

Second, because it would involve an expenditure of certainly twelve billions of dollars to acquire the interstate railways and the creation of an enormous national debt.

Third, because it would place in the hands of a reckless executive a power of control over business and politics that the imagination can hardly conceive, and would expose our popular institutions to danger.

The supervision proposed need not materially reduce the legitimate operation of individualism in railway enterprise.

Favors Rate Agreements.

The movement of competing railway companies to consolidate arose originally from fear that the anti-trust act forbade them to make agreements as to uniform tariffs. If they were now permitted to make such agreements subject to the approval of the interstate commerce commission, such a tendency would lose much of its force.

Physical Valuation.

Mr. Bryan is most insistent in discussing rate regulation that the present physical value of all roads in the country should be ascertained for the purpose of fixing rates by allowing to the railroad companies only a fair profit on such valuation. Whenever the interstate commerce commission deems it important as an aid in fixing rates to determine what it would cost now to rebuild any railroad, it has complete power to do so; but it would doubtless be found in respect to most of them that in spite of over-capitalization and lack of economy in construction, land for terminals and right of way and the cost of construction, have increased so enormously that the total of their securities upon which they pay dividends and interest is not much if any in excess of present physical value. More than this, physical valuations, as the President pointed out in his Indianapolis speech, and as the supreme court had in effect said before him, is only one of a number of data to be considered in reaching what is a fair profit upon the investment.

Frightful Loss of Life and Limb.

The frightful loss of life and limb among the railway employes of this country, reaching more than 4,000 killed and 65,000 injured in one year, has properly attracted the attention of congress and legislatures. It makes apparent that service in connection with trains of a railway is an extra hazardous business and may well call for government supervision and exceptional rules to secure the safety of the passengers and reduce the danger to employes. Congress, years ago, passed stringent laws for the adoption of safety devices to protect both employe and passenger on interstate railways. With the same purpose, it has recently limited the hours of continuous service for which employes on such railways may be engaged. Finally, it has regulated the rules for the liability of an interstate railroad company to an employe injured in its service. This is a most important measure.

The most important provision of this law, however, is that abolishing what is known as the fellow-servant rule, by which an employe injured cannot recover from his employer for injury sustained throught the negligence of a co-employe.

With these changes, all claims by employes against railroad companies except in a few extreme cases, will doubtless be settled by the railway companies without litigation, just as they now settle without suit substantially all claims for injuries to passengers. The validity of this law is under consideration by the supreme court.

On the Anti-Trust Law.

I now pass from railway regulation and the abuses arising in the discharge of a public function to the evils which have grown out of the combination of trusts. The combination of capital in large plants to manufacture goods with the greatest economy is just as necessary as the assembling of the parts of a machine to the economical and more rapid manufacture of what in old times was made by hand. The government should not interfere with the one any more than the other. In the proper operation of competition the public will soon share with the manufacturer the advantage in lowered prices. It may be, however, such combinations not only lower the cost to themselves, but are able to control the market and maintain or raise the old prices, the public derives no benefit and is helpless in the hands of a monopoly.

Fear of such evils has been an abuse led to the passage of the anti-trust law, in 1890. It recognizes two forms in which this evil may be maintained. One is by an agreement among a number of different manufacturers of an article for the maintenance of the price of the article and the suppression of competition. The other form is a monopoly of interstate trade, and covers the union of the conspiring companies into one coompany which by owning all the plants, or nearly all the plants, engaged in the manufacture of the article, by the use of other devices, controls the prices.

It is perfectly conceivable that in the interest of economy of production, a great number of plants may be legitimately assembled under the ownership of one corporation. In such a case it is either the first, but only the most administrative tribunal. The only power a federal court could validly exercise would be to decide first, whether the administrative tribunal had followed correctly the limitations upon its course of action imposed by the act of congress creating it, and second, whether its orders taken as an authorized expression of the legislative power deprived the railroad company of its right, under the fourteenth amendment, to derive a fair profit from the use of its property.

I would not for a moment be thought to favor any legislation which would exclude railroad companies or any one else from a recourse to the courts to protect them in their statutory and constitutional rights.

Amendments to Rate Bill Needed.

The rate law does not go far enough. The practice under it has already disclosed the necessity for new amendments and will doubtless suggest more. The classification of merchandise for transportation is a most important matter in ratefixing, for by a transfer from one class to another, the rate is changed and may work injustice. With the power of rate fixing, it would seem, should go the power in the commission to classify and to prescribe rules for uniform classification by railroads.

Recent revelations have emphasized the pernicious effect of the so-called overcapitalization of railroads which aids unscrupulous stock manipulators in disposing of railway securities at unreasonably high prices to innocent buyers. A railroad company engaged in interstate commerce should not be permitted to issue stock or bonds and put them upon the market except after a certificate by the interstate commerce commission that the securities are issued with the approval of the commission for a legitimate railroad purpose.

A much used means of eliminating competition among interstate lines serving the same territory is the acquisition by one company of the stock in another and the election of directors to represent that stock. This process is facilitated by the uncontrolled power to issue securities beyond the needs of the company for its legitimate business and would be curbed by the restriction proposed. The evil ought further to be directly restrained by making it unlawful for an interstate railway to acquire stock in a competing line. In addition to this, competing lines should be prohibited from having common directors or officers.

These suggestions of additional legislation have been made by the interstate commerce commission and I heartily concur in them. They are plainly within the federal jurisdiction.

Suggested by Harriman Deals.

The measures taken and proposed are radical perhaps, viewed from the standpoint of the laissez faire doctrinaire whose ideas have been allowed to prevail in respect of railroad management down to the present; but no one can read the report of the commission on the history of the union of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific systems with the Illinois Central system without trembling at the enormous power that one man, by the uncontrolled use of the stock and bond issuing power of interstate railways under state charters, has acquired in respect of a vital part of the country's business and without looking for some means of remedying such a dangerous tendency which, if not stopped, will lead to the absorption of all the railroads of the country into one hand.

Amendments Not Socialistic.

The contention on behalf of the railroads, that such supervision as the rate bill and these suggested amendments afford, is socialistic and tends to government ownership, is utterly without basis. Efficient regulation is the very antidote and preventative of socialism and government ownership. The railroads, until now, have been permitted to wield without any real control the enormously important franchise of furnishing transportation to the entire country. They have, many of them, shamelessly violated the trust obligation they have been under to the public of furnishing equal facilities at the same price to all shippers. The watering of stock and bonds and the over-capitalization of some of them for the profit of their managers have prevented the needed improvement of their railroads in construction and equipment.

Opposed to Government Ownership.

I am opposed to government ownership—

First, because existing government railways are not managed with either the efficiency or economy of privately managed roads and the rates charged are not as low and therefore not as beneficial to the public;

Second, because it would involve an expenditure of certainly twelve billions of dollars to acquire the interstate railways and the creation of an enormous national debt.

Third, because it would place in the hands of a reckless executive a power of control over business and politics that the imagination can hardly conceive, and would expose our popular institutions to danger.

The supervision proposed need not materially reduce the legitimate operation of individualism in railway enterprise.

Favors Rate Agreements.

The movement of competing railway companies to consolidate arose originally from fear that the anti-trust act forbade them to make agreements as to uniform tariffs. If they were now permitted to make such agreements subject to the approval of the interstate commerce commission, such a tendency would lose much of its force.

Physical Valuation.

Mr. Bryan is most insistent in discussing rate regulation that the present physical value of all roads in the country should be ascertained for the purpose of fixing rates by allowing to the railroad companies only a fair profit on such valuation. Whenever the interstate commerce commission deems it important as an aid in fixing rates to determine what it would cost now to rebuild any railroad, it has complete power to do so; but it would doubtless be found in respect to most of them that in spite of over-capitalization and lack of economy in construction, land for terminals and right of way and the cost of construction, have increased so enormously that the total of their securities upon which they pay dividends and interest is not much if any in excess of present physical value. More than this, physical valuations, as the President pointed out in his Indianapolis speech, and as the supreme court had in effect said before him, is only one of a number of data to be considered in reaching what is a fair profit upon the investment.

Frightful Loss of Life and Limb.

The frightful loss of life and limb among the railway employes of this country, reaching more than 4,000 killed and 65,000 injured in one year, has properly attracted the attention of congress and legislatures. It makes apparent that service in connection with trains of a railway is an extra hazardous business and may well call for government supervision and exceptional rules to secure the safety of the passengers and reduce the danger to employes. Congress, years ago, passed stringent laws for the adoption of safety devices to protect both employe and passenger on interstate railways. With the same purpose, it has recently limited the hours of continuous service for which employes on such railways may be engaged. Finally, it has regulated the rules for the liability of an interstate railroad company to an employe injured in its service. This is a most important measure.

The most important provision of this law, however, is that abolishing what is known as the fellow-servant rule, by which an employe injured cannot recover from his employer for injury sustained throught the negligence of a co-employe.

With these changes, all claims by employes against railroad companies except in a few extreme cases, will doubtless be settled by the railway companies without litigation, just as they now settle without suit substantially all claims for injuries to passengers. The validity of this law is under consideration by the supreme court.

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It is perfectly conceivable that in the interest of economy of production, a great number of plants may be legitimately assembled under the ownership of one corporation. In such a case it is either the fact of one or two would have a most healthy effect throughout the country. One reason for the small number of sentences of imprisonment in trust prosecutions is that the revelations of unlawful trust methods and dishonesty have been chiefly made known in secret rebates and as I have already said, the Elkins act, until amended by the rate bill, only prescribed fines as a mode of punishment in such cases.

Juries Hesitate to Imprison.

Again, it is difficult to induce juries to convict individuals of a violation of the anti-trust law, if imprisonment is to follow. In the case of the tobacco trust, the government declined to accept a plea of guilty by the individual defendants, offered on condition that only the penalty of a fine be imposed, and the result was that the jury did not hesitate to stultify itself, by finding the corporation guilty and acquitting the individual defendants, who had personally committed the acts upon which the conviction of the corporation was based. In the early enforcement of a statute which makes unlawful, because of its evil tendencies, that which has been regarded as legitimate, juries are not inclined by their verdicts to imprison individuals. The course which the government has pursued of resorting to civil processes first and clarifying the meaning of a general statute which needs definition, is probably the best course to pursue. As the criminal prosecutions go on (and many such prosecutions have now been begun), if the violations of the trust law are continued undoubtedly some shining marks will be hit, but the vigor with which these prosecutions have been continued has created an anxiety among those engaged in doubtful enterprises that has either driven them out of the business or made them careful not to give occasion for further complaint.

Bryan's "Extirpation" Cry.

Mr. Bryan says: "He would extirpate trusts, root and branch." If Mr. Bryan's language is more than mere rhetoric and he means to seize the property, to divide it up and sell it in pieces, and disassemble the parts, then I am not in favor of his method in dealing with trusts, because I believe that such large combinations, legitimately conducted, greatly add to the prosperity of the country. The attitude of the government towards combinations of capital for the reduction in the cost of production should be exactly the same towards the combinations of labor for the purpose of bettering the conditions of the wageworker and of increasing his share of the joint profit of capital and labor.

Federal License.

Mr. Bryan's method of suppressing unlawful trusts would be to require every person, partnership or corporation, engaged in interstate traffic, to take out a federal license, and by withholding such licenses from illegal trusts, he would make them impossible. It is probable that a statute embodying this plan could be drawn which would stand the test of the constitution. It would, however, have to contain some provision for ultimate judicial determination of those applicants for license who were violating the anti-trust law and thus involve the same litigation we now have. There is danger that its effect would be so to clog the channels of legitimate interstate trade that after it had been tried for a short time the people of the country would regard it as burdensome and demand its repeal. The suggestion of license came first from Mr. Garfield and Mr. Bryan has adopted it.

Evil of Swollen Fortunes.

One of the results of the conditions and evils which I have been describing has been the concentration of enormous wealth in the hands of few men. I do not mean to say that all the large fortunes are to be traced to unlawful means, but it is quite clear that many of those, described as swollen, are due to rebates, or to some form of unlawful monopoly, or to over-capitalization. Of course, great enterprises organized and managed by men of transcendent ability should result in great profit to them. It is proper compensation when they share with the people the profit from the economies that they introduce.

It is not safe for the body politic that the power arising from the management of enormous or swollen fortunes should be continued from generation to generation in the hands of a few, and efforts by laws, which are not confiscatory, to divide these fortunes and to reduce the motive for accumulating them are proper and statesmanlike and without the slightest savor of socialism or anarchy.

The state legislatures have complete control of what shall be done with a man's property on his death. He has no right to leave it by will, and his children or heirs have no right to receive it which the legislatures may not modify or take away. The states, therefore, can best remedy the dangers of too great accumulation of wealth in one hand by controlling the descent and devolution of property, and they ought to do so.

Favors Income Tax.

Federal action for a federal end may legitimately have an indirect effect to aid the states in reforms peculiarly within their cognizance. When, therefore, the government revenues need addition, or readjustment, I believe a federal graduated inheritance tax to be a useful means of raising government funds.

A graduated income tax would also have a tendency to reduce the motive for the accumulation of enormous wealth, but the supreme court has held an income tax not to be a valid exercise of power by the federal government. The court was nearly evenly divided in the 4 to 5 case, and during the civil war great sums were collected by an income tax without judicial interference and as it was then supposed within the federal power.

I do not favor federal legislation now to reduce such fortunes either by a constitutional amendment to permit an income tax or by a graduated inheritance tax, but whenever the government revenues need an increase or readjustment, I should strongly favor the imposition of a graduated inheritance tax, and, if necessary for the revenues, a change in the constitution authorizing a federal income tax, with all the incidental influence of both measures to lessen the motive for accumulation.

In Sympathy With Roosevelt.

I have thus viewed at great length what have properly come to be known as President Roosevelt's policies, and have discussed them with what I hope you will think is entire candor. I have attempted to point out one or two instances in which I would qualify details of future policies which he has sketched but with these minor excentions as to method, I am glad to express my complete, thorough, and sincere sympathy with, and admiration for, the great conserving and conservative movement which he has with wonderful success initiated and carried so far against bitter opposition, to remedy the evils of our prosperity and preserve to us the institutions we have inherited from our fathers.

The Railroads Responsible.

The critics are in the habit of charging to Mr. Roosevelt responsibility for all the recent state legislation looking to the restraint of corporations and especially for that which cuts down the passenger rates on state railways. The railways can blame no one but themselves if the revelation of their flagrant violations of law and of their unjust administration of a public trust have led to an outburst of popular indignation and have brought on temporary excess.

Slump in Wall Street.

Again, every time that there is a fall in the prices of stocks in Wall street, those who are injuriously affected condemn the President with great bitterness as responsible for their losses. Just at present there has been a very serious depression in the values of marketable securities, and it is said that the President's attitude toward corporations has been the cause of this. Such critics fail to observe that there has been a similar decrease in the marketable value—not only of railway stocks but of government consols abroad, and that there is a stringency in the markets of the world.

These same critics like to say that Mr. Roosevelt has "out-Bryaned" Mr. Bryan in his policies, and Mr. Bryan has lent color to this saying by the claim that he was their original inventor. No one who has given the slightest attention to the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan upon the social and political questions of the day can for a moment miss the radical difference between the two.

Mr. Roosevelt believes not only in the people, but also in the individual as the unit, who, multiplied, makes up and gives quality to the people. He has faith in the maintenance of an honest, courageous and efficient representative popular legislature that will give the rich and poor equal protection and opportunity before the law.

Mr. Roosevelt believes in the necessity for a strong government that can and will make both rich and poor obey the law, and he would have the officer charged with its maintenance render due account of their stewardship to their masters, the people.

Bryan's Theories Based on Distrust.

Mr. Bryan's whole system of remedies that both Mr. Roosevelt and he and many others recognize, is based on his distrust of the honesty, courage and impartiality of the individual as an agent on behalf of the people to carry on any part of government and rests on the proposition that our present system of representative government is a failure. He would have government ownership of railways because he does not believe it is possible to secure an interstate commerce commission that the "money power" cannot and will not ultimately own.

Mr. Bryan seems to be seeking some system of administering law under which the rich wrongdoer shall be certainly restrained, while the lawless poor shall escape. He would have his judicial machinery adjusted to restrict the violations of law by a corporation, but would give freedom of action to the lawless members of a labor union. Indeed, in the constitution of Oklahoma, which he says is the greatest constitution ever written, this anomaly prevails. No one can be punished for violating an order of injunction or restraint except after a verdict of a jury deciding that the violation was committed, and yet in the same constitution, a corporation commission of an executive and administrative character, a body of laymen authorized to make orders against railroads and other corporations, is empowered, if its orders are not obeyed, to change itself into a court and after giving due process of law by a hearing to enforce its own orders by a fine of $500 a day until the order is performed. Such a discrimination is practical legislation cannot be maintained for a moment.

In all his proposed reforms, Mr. Bryan seems to give little attention to securing efficiency and force in government so that the evils he recognizes may be suppressed.

Absurdity of National Referendum.

The representative government that has served us well for 130 years has not been for Mr. Bryan sufficiently expressive of the will of the people. Election of senators by the people is not enough for him. We must call upon fourteen million electors to legislate directly. Could any more burdensome or inefficient method be devised than this? I believe that a referendum under certain conditions and limitations in the subdivisions of a state upon certain issues may be healthful and useful, but as applied to our national government it is entirely impracticable. If it is difficult for the people to use proper judgment upon the concrete question of the personality of the representatives they are to select to carry on their national government, as Mr. Bryan's theory assumes, how much more difficult for them to give sufficient attention to the settlement of the many questions of policy and procedure in complicated statutes which the people have always been willing to leave to the decision of their representatives, skilled in the science of legislation, whose general views on the main political issues of the day are well understood. Think of the possibility of securing a vote of fourteen millions of electors on the 4,000 items of a tariff bill.

On Revision of the Tariff.

I come now to the question of the tariff, its revision, and its relation to the unlawful trusts. The claim of protectionists, and it has been abundantly justified in the past, is that protection secures a high rate of wages and that the encouragement it gives to the home industry operating under the influence of an energetic competition between American manufacturers, induces such improvement in the methods of manufacture and such economies as to reduce greatly the price for the benefit of the American public and makes it possible to reduce the tariff without depriving the manufacturer of needed protection and a good profit.

The present business system of the country rests on the protective tariff and any attempt to change it to a free trade basis will certainly lead only to disaster.

It is the duty of the Republican party, however, to see to it that the tariff on imported articles does not exceed substantially the reasonably permanent differential between the cost of production in the foreign countries and that in the United States, and therefore when changes take place in the condition of production likely to produce a very large reduction in the cost of production in the United States, it is time that schedules be re-examined and if excessive that they be reduced.

Temptations to Monopoly.

Whenever the tariff imposed is largely in excess of the differential between the cost of production in the two countries, then there is formed at once a great temptation to monopolize the business of producing the particular product, and to take advantage of profit in the excessive tariff. This denies to the people altogether the economies of production that competition under a protective tariff should develop.

In the enormous progress in the manufacturing plants and the improvement in methods which have been brought about in the last ten years in this country, there is the strongest reason for thinking that in many industries the difference between the cost of production in this country and abroad, has been reduced. This is an opinion of mine formed a priori because I am a sincere believer in the efficacy of the protective system ultimately to cheapen the cost of production. The opinion has been confirmed by conversation with manufacturers and others who know something of what they speak.

The National Association of Manufacturers has had its committee investigate and report:

"Confining ourselves to the protective principle, we find many schedules—some of them upon the prime necessities of life—returning the government no rivenue of consequence, and yet under the claims of the protective theory, bearing a tariff schedule—not merely equal to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, with all reasonable contingencies allowed for—but decidedly in excess of the total wage cost of production in this country.

"We find some of these schedules many times in excess of the difference between the cost of production here and abroad. We find many men who are at the top, both in stock holdings and in management in some of these same industries, declare privately that these schedules are wrong, and that the best interest of those industries themselves, as well as the interests of the country at large, require adjustment at the earliest possible moment. They say that now is the time for revision, while the country is so prosperous that adjustment may easily be made to new conditions."

In that body of members of 1,800—350, or 20 per cent, were radically opposed to revision; 8 per cent were opposed to revision at this time lest it unsettle business; 55 per cent wished revision; and 17 per cent were indifferent or uninformed.

The association by resolutions passed by a large majority declared itself in favor of a revision of the tariff at the earliest practicable date.

Schedules for Congress.

An investigation should be conducted by the committee of ways and means of the House of Representatives and by the finance committee of the Senate. The schedules are for them to recommend and for Congress to fix after they hear evidence of the cost of production in this country and the cost of production abroad, and the conditions existing in each trade, and if it shall turn out that popular opinion founded on such substantial evidence as that which I have cited here should prove to be unfounded, then the revision of the tariff will be confined to minor inequalities. But if the report of the investigation justifies the report of the National Association of Manufacturers, then the revision of the excessive schedules should be substantial, and the motive for the organization and maintenance of unlawful trusts to monopolize the manufacture and sale of articles in such schedules will be taken away.

It seems to me that even most of the extremists in the matter of the tariff are of opinion that it would be not only unwise, but unsafe for the party to fail in its next national platform to pledge itself to a revision of the tariff as soon after the next presidential election as possible. Those of us who favor immediate revision can well afford to wait until after the next presidential election in order to secure substantial acquiescence by all Republicans.

The Brownsville Order.

The attitude of the President and the war department and the reasons for the action taken in respect to the Twenty-fifth infantry were sufficiently set forth in the communications by the President and by me, sent to congress with the evidence then taken. Since that time the senate committee on military affairs has taken 3,200 printed pages of evidence in the same matter, and the hearing is not concluded. Until the hearing is closed and the committee makes its report, it would be unfair for me, in view of my official relation to the matter, to express an opinion as to the effect of the senate evidence on the issue which the President decided.

President Roosevelt's Leadership.

I cannot close without comment on the position of advantage for the coming national campaign which President Roosevelt, by the intense earnestness, vigor, courage and success with which he has pressed the reforms that rightly bear his name, has secured to the Republican party. A trimming, do-nothing, colorless policy in face of the proof of business, railway and corporate abuses would certainly have driven the party from power, however little responsibility for them could be justly charged to it. It was not political advantage which the President sought in these reforms, but the real betterment of conditions which he has effected. Still the belief of the people in his sincerity, his courage and his amazing quality for doing things on their behalf has won for him a hold on the American public, at which even his bitterest opponents marvel and which finds few if any parallels in the political history of this country. Fortunate a party with such a leader.

SEES NO SIGN OF PANIC

Conditions Satisfactory, Says Former Secretary.

Says No One Questions Financial System and Tariff Should Not Be Touched.

New York, August 19.—Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, is of the opinion that present financial and industrial conditions are eminently satisfactoy.

In an interview Mr. Shaw declared that anything approaching a panic would be the result of the people's folly, as logical conditions for unrest were totally lacking.

Continuing Mr. Shaw said.

"Our farms produce more than $6,500,000,000 per annum and the prospect is good for an average crop. Our mines yield more than $1,500,000,000 and our factories more than $1,000,000,000. And neither of these sources of wealth has been exhausted. The output of our factories, in other than food products, amounts to $12,000,000,000 and no fires have been extinguished. The railways earn more than $2,000,000,000 and they are all in successful operation. The payrolls of our factories and railways aggregate approximately $3,500,000,000 and the scale of wages has not been reduced.

Sources Not Affected.

"In other words, the real sources of the people's wealth have not yet been affected, and the ability of industrial concerns to pay dividends is not measured by the market price of their stocks. Logical reasons for serious conditions are therefore wanting. Psychological reasons are never wanting.

"If I judge correctly, the people will have exactly what they expect. If those who have money in the banks withdraw it and lock it up; if the banks refuse to grant accommodations, and if the consuming public decline to place orders, then we will very soon witness the effects. Let those who think that times of disaster follow each other at regular intervals bear in mind that this country has never yet experienced a period of severe depression that was not traceable to financial or economic agitation or legislation and usually to both.

"In 1893 the redemption of greenbacks in silver instead of gold was openly advocated; the party in power was under promise to remove the protective tariff from our industries and the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was championed by prominent members of both parties. The country might have survived any one of these sources of alarm, but it could not survive all three.

Checking Process Begun.

"At this time no one questions our financial system, and the tariff will not be touched for at least eighteen months.

"Some check in the speed at which we are going is most desirable, and the checking process has probably begun. It will now require a fair measure of confidence and courage to prevent undue retardment in our industries. Capital cannot be forced into activity, but it can be forced out of activity. I have never seen the time when universal sanity was more essential to our well being."

PLANS A PARCELS POST

Is Also Considering the Postal Savings Bank.

Will Experiment With the Postage Stamp Slot Machines and Night Delivery.

New York, August 15.—Postmaster-General Meyer, who talked with President Roosevelt in Oyster Bay Tuesday, announces that he has on foot movements to insure the package post, the postal savings bank and other innovations.

"I am going to recommend to congress in my annual report," said Mr. Meyer, "the establishment of a domestic parcels post service limited to ten pounds or any other weight that congress will accept, five pounds if necessary.

"I am also considering the feasibility of recommending the establishment of some sort of postal savings bank. We find that today some people are buying postal orders payable to themselves as a means of saving their money. This shows that there is room and need for a postal savings bank which will give the people a chance to deposit their savings.

"I will not advocate the increase of the postal rates on any class of mail matter. I am considering a plan for the reduction of postal rates between the United States and such countries as we have direct steamship communication with—England, France, Germany—from 5 cents per half ounce to 2 cents. To make a reduction will not require legislation, but joint action by the postal authorities of the two interested countries.

"We now carry letters from the Atlantic to the Pacific for 2 cents and from any part of the United States to our colonies for 2 cents. I think the rate between the United States and England and similar countries should be no higher. England has a postal rate of 2 cents with her colonies.

"We are also going to experiment with a view to introducing postage stamp slot machines generally from which 5-cent, 2-cent and 1-cent stamps may be bought. I have also been considering for some time the establishment of a new delivery of mail at 8 o'clock at night in thickly populated residence districts of this city. If the new plant is introduced it will be possible, as in London, to write a letter and get an answer the same day."

COIN DESIGNS UNSUITABLE

St. Gaudens Planned Coin Too Large for Machinery.

Philadelphia, August 16.—Designs for coins to be minted in this city, which Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, made shortly before death, have been found unsuitable in their present shape for execution with the machinery at the mint. Hence, contrary to current report, the government has not accepted any of them.

The general approval expressed by the President is not conclusive in an official sense. The law requires the designs to be accepted by the secretary of the treasury and director of the mint.

Salient Points in Speech of Roosevelt on Pilgrims

The most necessary of all things is to have a high quality of individual citizenship.

The purpose of the administration is to stamp out the trust evil.

In